FLYING MADMEN— THE SAGA OF AMERICANS OVER COSSACK BATTLEFIELDS

Liberty

AUG 31, 1935

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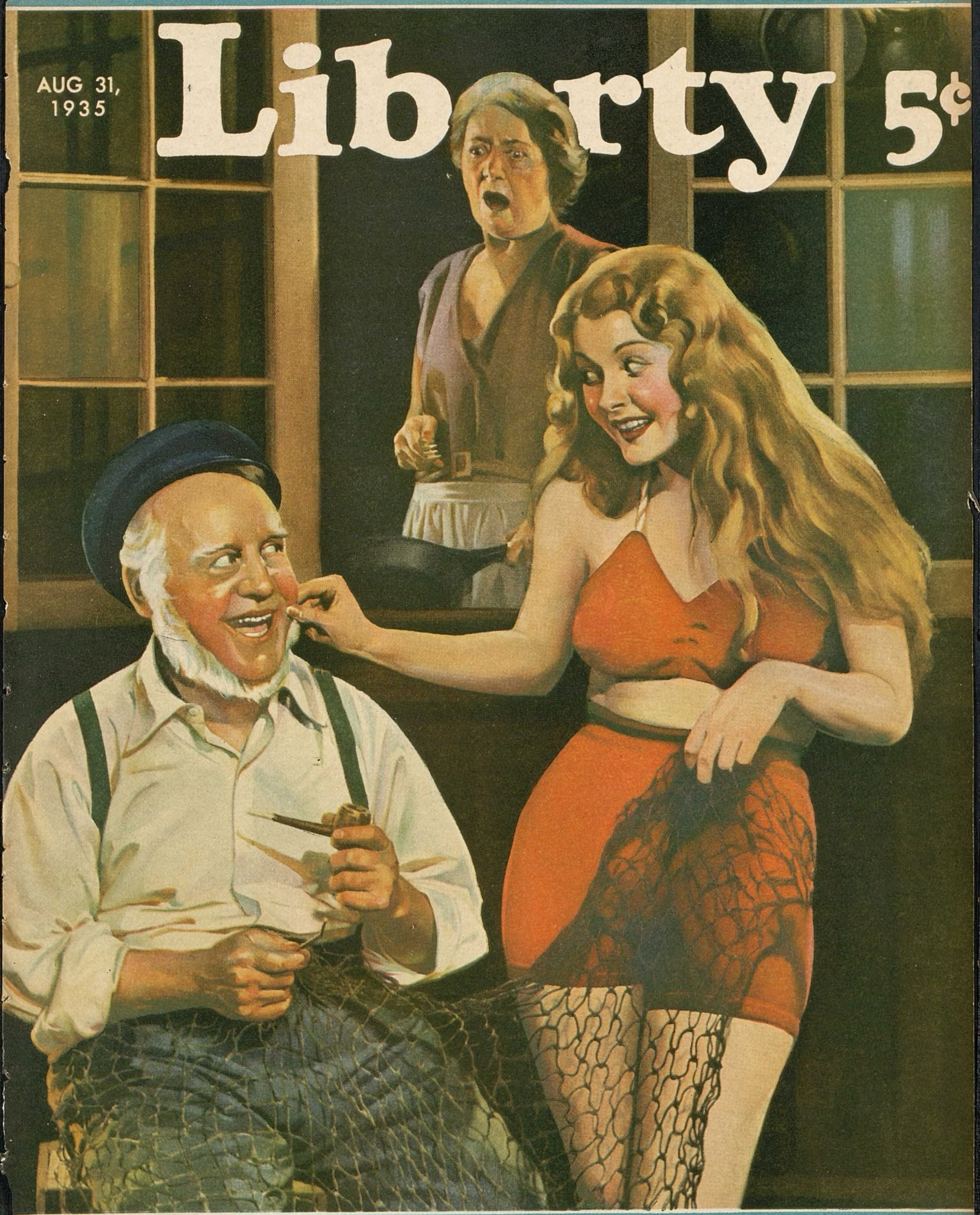

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Crab Orchard

AMERICA'S FASTEST-SELLING STRAIGHT WHISKEY

AUGUST 31, 1935

Liberty

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BERNARR MACFADDEN, PUBLISHER
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WHAT SHOULD BE TAUGHT IN SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES

COMMUNISM, Fascism, Socialism, and other isms may be worth some attention. But Americanism stands so far above them, its achievement has been so outstanding, so far beyond what has been accomplished by these other forms of government, that comparisons are odious.

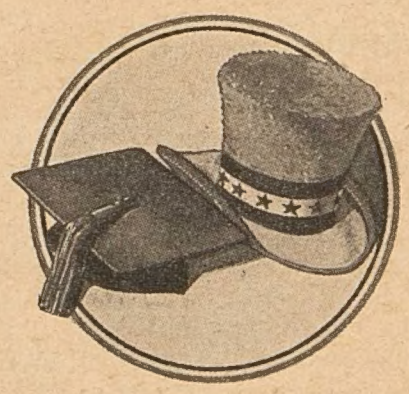
Our institutions of learning should teach Americanism first, last, and all the time. What has been accomplished by this country should be heralded far and wide, shouted from the housetops. No other country has ever offered such opportunities. No other country has made such a marvelous record.

The reason for our outstanding achievement can easily be ascertained. Individual genius was encouraged. Nearly all of our great men came from a lowly beginning—the farm, the factory, etc. Their abilities, their dominating characteristics were mostly developed through years of laborious effort often associated with hardship and suffering, and in some instances poverty that was grim and terrible.

The boys and girls of this country should be taught that no other country gives them the same opportunities, even though during the depression conditions may have been especially harrowing. But, in the end, merit and ability will win out. The appropriate rewards are just as certain as that cream will rise to the top. No other country gives the workers the high standard of living which we have secured here. The dictatorial powers which we read about and which are so effectively used in foreign countries do not exist here.

To be sure, constitutional government as it was originally framed and which was adhered to for more than a century has been distorted and restricted by Socialistic activities which in some instances are not unlike Communism.

But it is the job of the youth of this country to stamp out this menacing situation, these threats to our original form of government.



Commercially we stand without a peer. Our business enterprises have grown with such mighty strides that the whole world gasps in astonishment at our achievements.

And all this was made possible by our original form of government. The changes which we talk about, the complications which are referred to so frequently, in no way make it necessary to change the fundamental principles back of free government.

If we want to be shackled and driven here and there in accordance with the orders of a dictator, if we want to be regimented like some of the European nations, then let us continue to encourage the deviations from constitutional government which are so rampant at this time.

But if we want to continue to be a free people, if we want the freedom that was originally intended by our great courageous leaders who framed our Constitution, who knew the evils against which we would have to contend, and who not only warned us but created helpful restrictions; if we want to continue to give every boy and girl appropriate opportunities; if we want to eliminate favoritism and allow merit and only merit to count; if we want to build a nation of majestic proportions—there is but one highroad that leads in that direction, and that is through the elimination of all the bypaths that have recently been essayed, leading away from the fundamental principles of constitutional government.

And if we as a nation are worth saving, if we have some of the remnants of that grim determination, that fighting courage that gained our freedom in the first place, we will gird up our loins and enter the fight that is now before us to retain the principles of government which will guarantee the individual the freedom essential to a nation that wants to steer clear of the wreckage that follows dictatorial regimentation.

—BERNARR MACFADDEN.

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BEGINNING

Flying Madmen

by

MARION ATEN, D.F.C.

as told to

H. BEDFORD-JONES

READING TIME ● 27 MINUTES 55 SECONDS

The Saga, Amazing but True, of the Daredevil Americans Who Fought Over Cossack Battlefields in the Mad Days After the War—by One of Them Who Lived to Tell the Tale

PART ONE—A PASSPORT TO CHAOS

I LEFT home in California to take a trip abroad with some Canadians in 1916. In the next year I shifted to the Royal Air Force, as it now is, and stuck with Squadron 204. The armistice found me in Chatham Hospital. Then I went back to base camp outside London. One night I found Colly in the Royal Automobile Club bar, and we had a great reunion.

"Back to America, I suppose?" he asked.

"Not yet," I replied. "I hear a lot of talk about shows here and there. I'm putting in for one of them."

"Have one of my own in south Russia. They're giving me Squadron 47 there; volunteer work. Kink, Eddie, and some of the other boys are going. Yes or no?"

I replied appropriately. Colly grabbed a bar chit and wrote on the back of it:

"Meet me in Dover to go to Russia. Collishaw."

"There's your authority," and he grinned. We arranged the time of meeting, then resumed the serious work of the evening.

You must see Colly, with his wide clear eyes, long-lashed and probing, his laugh like a bell, his superb élan. A Canadian, he had been in the arctic with Stefansson. They sent him from English flying school to be killed, saying he could never learn to fly. He promptly became one of the three great Canadian aces, with fifty-nine official victories and a score more claimed. He himself had had thirty-seven crashes. Raymond Collishaw! Any one who knew him would follow him to hell and back. We did.

Unluckily, when the time came to meet him at Dover, I was under arrest.

My father had been a captain of Texas Rangers, pioneering Texas after the Civil War. If you believe in inheritance, that accounts for a lot of things that happened to me. Anyhow, my American notions of individualism sometimes got me in that sort of jam; always innocently, of course. I had to choose quick between remaining as a lieutenant in the R. A. F. or joining Colly's private war. So I took my foot in my hand one night, as the saying goes, and beat it. At Dover I found I had missed Colly by two hours. But he had left word to meet him at the Hôtel Edouard VII in Paris.

I showed the bar chit to the marine landing officer and got a warrant for passage across the Channel. I did not mention camp; no doubt I'm still under arrest.

At Boulogne I interviewed the railway transport officer, who blinked at my bar chit and gave me a warrant for Paris. There the R. T. O. said that Colly's troop train had detoured to Marseille; he issued a warrant. The bar chit held up nobly. I had to leave Paris fast on account of some gendarmes, and at Marseille found that nobody knew anything about Collishaw. As there were numerous R. A. F. officers on hand, we decided to put in a few days seeing the sights.

This ended in a beautiful riot at the Opéra. I hurried to the R. T. O., and the bar chit got me a warrant to Genoa, the next point of control. I caught a train two jumps ahead of the police, reached Genoa, got sent on to Rome—and decided to take a rest.

After three days Rome was uncomfortable; and back in that happy era it took a lot to get the Italians hot under the collar. I made a hasty visit to the R. T. O. and wangled a railroad warrant to Taranto, where I could get a boat to Constantinople. Colly had left Taranto nine days ahead of me.

Well, that bar chit got me to Constantinople. It got me aboard a mule transport headed for Novorossiisk, where I would find the gang. I came down with malaria, but every one else came down with bubonic plague. Next thing I knew we were at Batum, away off the track, and in quarantine for a month.

Batum had its compensations. The quarantine guards were Indian army troops, whom we could bully into letting us join the sea bathing. The American consul, I remember, got a terrible jolt, for he insisted on wearing trunks. Everybody began to shun him like poison. Finally somebody told him that the Russians thought he had a bad case of something unmentionable.

"Good God!" he exclaimed. "And I was only trying to teach 'em decency!"

The only Black Sea bathing suits are handkerchiefs tied about the hair. And don't the girls love it! But the Batum shore is no place for an excitable man, you bet.

At last I got passage to Novorossiisk, across the Black Sea, on a boat crowded with refugees. I had a de luxe passenger cabin with only eight bunks. I slept sitting on deck during the three-day passage.

At Novorossiisk I entrained for the base headquarters of Wrangel's army, Ekaterinodar. Here I caught up with Collishaw at last. I was two hours behind him at Dover and two months behind him when we met.

He had brought out with him the pick of the R. A. F. in personnel of all kinds, men whom he knew well and who knew one another. When I dropped in, he had just sent off C Flight to the front, four hundred miles away. Squadron 47 was divided into various flights, each with its own train, since we had a wide front to cover. I was just in time for a place in B Flight, under my old friend

Restegieff held his glass aloft. "To Christmas dinner in Moscow!" he thundered.

ILLUSTRATION BY WILL GRAVEN

Kinkead—one of the best. He was killed in 1928 while trying to beat a Schneider Cup Race record.

My fate now lay with Kink and B Flight, and we were not destined to see Colly again for a time. We were going to the front, we were going fast, and we had hot work ahead.

Kinkead commanded us; dark, short, magnetic, with the shrewd down-drooping eyes of a really careful pilot who could appear a daredevil. He had thirty-nine confirmed victories on the Western Front. Eddie Fulford was a Canadian, slender, wiry, full of deviltry, a wizard with those old Sopwith Camels of ours. Eddie looked like me, and we were sometimes taken for each other.

Red Johnson was impulsive, eager, singularly winning in character, with a somber depth of feeling beneath his laughter. Bill Daly, who later crashed in England, was a sober—at times—and experienced pilot, a gallant fellow, chivalrous as any knight. Mud Langley was a wild, irresponsible, lovable Irishman. I have since heard he was killed by the Black and Tans in Ireland. Scotty, or Burns-Thompson, was small, slender, excitable, and Scotch in name only.

Then there was Captain Gregorieff, otherwise Russky, our liaison officer. He was an aviator from the Polish front. He did no flying with us beyond one trip. That was plenty, for he believed in landing by the altimeter. Cowderdrill, our mess sergeant, made up the regular crowd, but there were always other flight officers barging in, and we had plenty of guests.

Only in one case shall I hide the identity of a comrade behind a false name. As for the rest of the gang—read it and weep, boys, you who are still alive!

We flew B Flight four hundred miles up to Tsaritsyn on the Volga. Kink meant to put his command on the map right from the start, and he did it. If we thought we knew anything about war, we were sadly mistaken. This was no gentleman's game; this was bloody hell from the word go, and no holds barred.

Right then the Allies were out to smash the Reds. General Yudenitch, helped by American and British contingents, was striking at Moscow from Archangel in the north. Admiral Kolchak, with Japanese and other backing, was striking at Moscow from Siberia in the east. The Poles, with French support, were striking at Moscow from the west. And from the Black Sea, in the south, General Denikine, with British and French aid, was striking at Moscow with three separate armies. One of these

three, the Army of the Caucasus, was commanded by Baron Wrangel, and B Flight was with him.

It sounds simple; it was not. Anything could happen, and did. The French, over to the west of us with Denikine, suddenly got cold feet and cleared out, almost overnight; they simply broke and ran, leaving Denikine to hold the bag. He held it. The most tremendous battles, of which the world never heard, were going on; battles in which no quarter was asked or given, battles in which a hundred thousand men were captured at one crack. In that summer of 1919 Denikine took over a quarter of a million prisoners, by official figures. Those of them whose lives were spared became practically slaves.

Tsaritsyn was an important city on the big bend of the Volga. Wrangel wanted it but had no artillery. The Reds held it desperately. Trotsky himself was there, exerting every effort to hang on.

When our train—we lived aboard it—got up to the front, we found ourselves among Moslems flying the green standard of the Prophet. Wrangel had with him the Kuban Cossacks under Ataman Ulugai, and most of them were Moslems. Others were not. We got out our Camels, put them in the air, and went to work right off the bat. There was plenty to do.

We were not the only fliers by a good deal. C Flight worked with us for a time, but lost a good many ships and men; others drifted in and drifted out again. That was the sort of war it was. We had the Camels, however, the fighters. We had to escort bombers and photographers. We did the reconnaissance work and anything else that turned up.

The Reds had all sorts of ships. Almost his first time up, Kink shot down a Nieuport into the Volga. The Reds had gunboats on the river, and barges with captive balloons. While the bombers looked after the gunboats, we would wipe out the balloons. I remember a barge carrying eight planes that got a bomb dead center one day. It was all fast, clean work, but back of everything was the growling word "Budenny" and our big job.

Kitty of the Kuban Cossacks. "What a flame of living energy . . . that girl was!"

Trotsky was hanging frantically on to the city, waiting for Budenny to come and smash us. We were grimly waiting for artillery and reinforcements. Budenny was a crack cavalry leader who had organized a splendid unit, smashed his way between our far-flung armies, and was marching on Tsaritsyn with nothing to stop him. Except B Flight, which seemed rather silly to all concerned.

WHEN we were out strafing armored trains, one of our lighter occupations, we kept our minds on Budenny. When we were scouting over the steppes, we kept an eye out for this menace. Then Kink one day sighted a great crescent of cavalry and brought back the word. That settled it. We knew the orders were coming. Cowderdrill brought them early next morning.

Cowderdrill had watery bulging eyes, teeth like the paddles of a stern-wheeler, and obvious adenoids. He bumbled everything except bad luck. Now he came crashing in like a young elephant with the daily routine orders, just arrived. He caught his foot and went flat, then extended the papers from the floor of the car.

Kink seized them. "Dash it!" he exclaimed. "Our airdrome's right in Budenny's road! Come on, you fellows, if you want a place to sleep tonight! Here's baptism for B Flight."

Fifteen minutes later we were in the air. Kinkead led. Eddie and I were at his wing tips, Red and Mud Langley at ours. Scotty rode high above as lookout while we drove on and up.

We flew over wretched Tsaritsyn, away from the Volga, and out across the sunburned steppes. Red Johnson little dreamed what gifts destiny had in store for him this day!

On and on. The steppes were broken up now, cut by huge ravines or cañons that might have hidden an army. Suddenly we saw them—a blurred patch that dissolved into cavalry. Two bodies of cavalry. From one of these broke about fifty men, hastily forming themselves into a square and a ragged X—a secret signal to show they were our men. And then the whole thing broke on us.

Here were a few hundred of our Cossacks, with a smaller number of the enemy deploying before them—bait. And down there in a deep ravine, hidden, was pouring onward the whole flood of Budenny's cavalry, rolling down to surround our Cossacks and wipe them out. Unsuspected, unseen except by us, high above.

Kink dipped wings in command for us to form line ahead and follow. Down went his nose, down went ours. Down—five thousand feet down—and Budenny's columns paid us no heed. They had never met airplanes.

MY boyish ambition had been to be a motorman and go fast, to wear a uniform with brass buttons. I used to watch the streetcars screeching down Golden Hill in San Diego and long for the day when I could control one and let it go past the terraced slopes full speed.

And here I was, no brakes now, roaring down five thousand feet on my own Golden Hill—let her go and be damned! A little more right rudder. Diving too steeply; look out! If I cross over the vertical by a hair, the tricky Camel will flip on its back. I ease the joy stick back gently. Air speed? Past two fifty, the needle quivering at the stop. No telling how fast. A glance at the oil-pressure gauge, another at the air pressure—if the relief valves stick, good night!

A tug at the firing handle, another to make sure of the pressure. My thumbs are on the trigger levers. The seconds drag, drag, as the wires scream and the ground rushes up. Then Kink's guns spurt dust ahead of me. His ship swerves up and passes a few yards to the right. I don't see him; I can't take my eyes from the ground.

Five hundred feet. There is the ravine; the crowding masses of cavalry are white with upturned faces. I press the triggers and ease the joy stick slowly back so my bullets will sweep that doomed line of men. A horse uprears, a man starts to fall. The horse is still upright, the man has not fallen, when my plane shoots upward and I'm out of the dive. Up, straight up. Kink is above me, doing a cartwheel turn into line behind the last of our ships as it passes him in its dive. As fast as that—as fast as thought!

At the top of my zoom I cartwheel into line behind Kink. Thus we've formed an endless chain of attack. As fast as one has fired his short burst, he zooms and cartwheels back into line for another. Rifles are popping at us vainly.

Again and again our withering fire rakes the crowded mass, now split and broken in mad panic. It is not fighting, it is not murder; it is systematic slaughter. Men and horses choke the ravine in windrows of death. I feel sorry for the horses, poor brutes! The river of cavalry has burst out of the ravine, fleeing in all directions, spreading over the steppe. I see an officer scrambling over the edge of the steep bank. I push my left rudder slowly, slowly. Puffs of dust spurt from the dry earth as the bullets strike and move toward him. Then the horse rears, the man reels from the saddle. I am so close that I can see a scar on his cheek, the flash of a ring on his outflung hand.

Kink signals with his streamer-marked wings. Red Johnson and Mud fall out and follow him to strafe the

outspread cloud of horsemen, keep them on the run. Suddenly I have a flashing glimpse of drama, of tragedy, as Red goes down.

Fluttering, sideslipping, plunging for the earth. Hit. I bank for better view. Straight down among the flocks of Red cavalry. Dust spurts up. I strain to catch the burst of flame; none comes. Hurrah! A figure is crawling from the crumpled wreckage. Then, like a thunderbolt, strikes the mass of Cossacks—our Cossacks, the squadron we have saved—smashing through the cavalry to rescue Red. By God, their leader knows his job!

My ammunition is gone; eight hundred rounds to each gun. Scotty's is gone, too. Eddie, the canny Canuck, is firing single bursts from one gun, saving a few bursts against surprise attacks on the way home. Now he is trying to get a rifleman crouched on the steppe who is calmly aiming to bring us down. Scotty and I fall into line to see the show.

Puffs of dust rise about the man. My machine rockets skyward. Eddie, behind me, wipes off his telescope sight. *Zum!* Like throwing a dollar on a bass drum. A jagged hole in my port plane, a fluttering wisp of fabric. Score one for a rifleman!

Kink and Mud flit past. I know Mud's plane by the bilious green snake painted on it. Eddie has mounted and whirled. Now he goes down, straight for that man; the rifle is pop-popping at him. I do a vertical turn; my wings are perpendicular to the ground; I am sitting on the axis of the horizon, held in my seat by centrifugal force. Eddie swoops. Like the tap-tap of a pencil on a windowpane the sound of his gun comes through the roar of my exhaust. Down, until I think he must be hit. Then he pulls up the nose, bare feet from the ground; the slip stream from his propeller sets the dry dust awhirl. He scuttles skyward again. His work is done.

The rifleman springs up, slumps, and goes rolling down the slope with arms and legs flailing.

"Kinky"—the late Capt. S M. Kinkead, D.S.O., D.S.C., D.F.C.

The author, Capt. M. H. Aten, D.F.C., Cross of St. George, Order of St. Vladimir, etc. He continued with the R.A.F., in Bagdad, Cairo, and elsewhere, until 1932.

Major Raymond Collishaw—"Colly"—D.S.O., O.B.E., D.F.C.

A RED Very light falls from Kink's ship—the signal to regain formation. Kink leads us over the spot where Red Johnson stands, surrounded by Cossacks; Red waves to us, and we head for home and breakfast. One hour and fifty-five minutes—and Budenny will never come now.

Later a colonel of Shkura's Wolves brought each of us loot from the battlefield. My share was a magnificent silver cigarette case. I have it still.

But Red brought in the best loot of all four days later.

It was her squadron we had rescued; it was she who had rescued Red. She was an officer in Shkura's wild command of Kuban Cossacks who called themselves "the Wolves." She wore cavalry twill breeches faced with leather, and black kid boots with tiny silver spurs. A kinjal, or Cossack dagger, a saber, a pistol, the decorations of St. George and St. Stanislaus, the round astrakhan cap of the Cossacks—and laughing, clear-eyed beauty to make your pulses leap. What a flame of living energy that girl was! Her blue eyes fairly radiated eagerness and the joy of life.

Red walked her in to the mess car and yelled for Russky, because she spoke no English. "Damned if I know her name," he said, introducing us. "Catherine is part of it, and that makes Kitty."

Kitty it was from then on to the end. Life was too short to worry about Russian names; who cared?

Russky showed up and then we really got acquainted. Red made it plain from the start that it was "hands off" for the rest of us; but Kitty was all smiles for every one. B Flight were popular heroes around that time. The gang that had smashed Budenny could just about have what they wanted, and Kitty had been wild to meet us.

COWDERDRILL showed up with the rum. Kitty took hers straight, despite Red's warning: "Careful! It'll curl your hair!" She uttered a gay laugh. "*Ya vash durovia!*" (I wish you well!) rang out her silver voice, and she put it down the way they put down vodka—all at once. She still smiled, but once was enough.

"My hair needs no more curl," she explained via Russky, and we roared.

Through Kitty we met the Kuban Cossacks, and those boys clasped us to their hearts. Meantime our artillery came up and we took Tsaritsyn at one bite, with such loot as even Russia has seldom seen. Not that there was much left of the city. We took a walk through to see the sights. The streets were astumble with rotting carcasses of horses, camels, cattle. The houses, what remained of them, were worse. I looked into one house and saw what a hand grenade had left of a father, mother, and daughter. That was enough. In a ravine behind the city twelve thousand citizens had been piled up in unburied heaps and left to the sunshine. As Bill Daly said, the Reds were wholesalers.

We discovered that we needed a drink, and started back for the airdrome. Then we found Clarence. A grimy, lively little pig no bigger than a gin bottle.

"Ha! Fancy finding you here, Clarence!" broke out Eddie. "We've been looking for you all day—"

He and Bill Daly nearly came to blows, and Mud grabbed up Clarence.

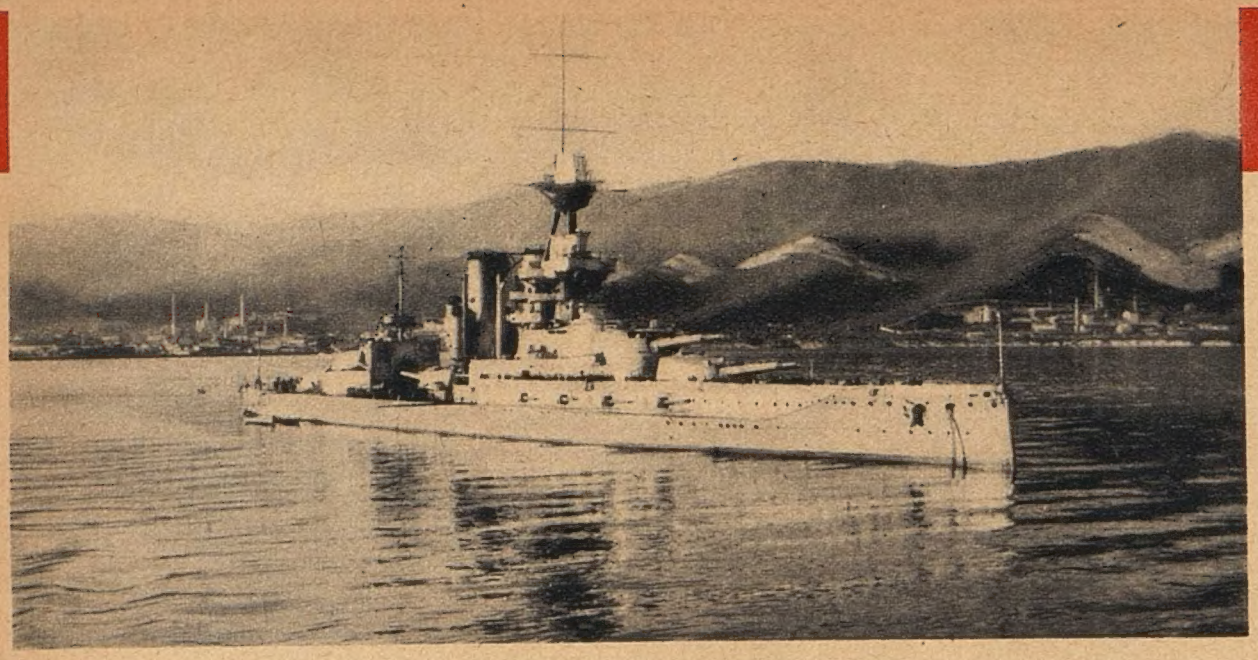
"A pig and a woman and plenty of whisky—what more could a man want, begad?" he yelled. "Mascot! Clarence is ours! Come along, gang!"

So we added Clarence to the personnel of our train.

Our next view of Tsaritsyn was different. We took Kitty and Mud's girl and Nina and Olga—I'll introduce them presently—into town for a blowout and walked into a place noisy enough to be promising.

Shkura's Wolves were in charge; and talk about your Arabian Nights!

Here was a spacious basement resplendent with loot. It was filled with Cossacks and more glowing beauties than I had imagined could ever have escaped Red ravaging. An orchestra was playing, and the mad Cossack



Novorossiisk, Black Sea port, visited by a British warship.

music fairly cut into your heart. Somebody recognized us and a yell went up.

"Captain Kinky, Captain Kinky, *ya vash durovia!*"

It was Russian custom upon entering any public place to approach the highest officer present, salute, and ask permission to remain. We followed it out of courtesy. Kink saw a general wearing the long woolly wolfskin cap that marked Shkura's Wolves, and saluted him. The general—Restegieff was his name—embraced us and insisted that we become his guests then and there. We did. Russky was somewhere in the crowd and we got introduced. Restegieff had a princess along.

It was a wild night. Everybody sang, in unison or as the music seized them, or bellowed toasts at friends across the room. It was a swearing, sweating, roaring feast of buccaneers—hatted, hairy swashbucklers hung with weapons. When they brought us "Kiev cutlets," the size and shape of Indian clubs, I was too busy with Nina and the princess to eat, but not so Kinkead. All of a sudden he leaped up and went rushing out of the place. I followed him and found him vomiting outside.

"What the devil! Sick?"

"No, you damned ass; I'm playing ping-pong. Didn't you see those cutlets?"

"Sure. Haven't sampled mine yet."

"For God's sake, don't!" groaned Kink. "Putrid, and worse—I cut into mine, and yellow pus ran all over my plate."

When we went back I looked at his plate; sure enough, it was true. We had seen a lot of sights around town, of course, which didn't leave much to the imagination. Russky heard us talking, started to grin, and turned to the general. Restegieff let out a bellow and the whole table began to roar with laughter. Kiev cutlets are bits of chicken buried in soft butter, held in a crust of fried batter. When you stick in a fork, the butter runs, that's all. We had just seen too much lately of Russian war.

The drinks were on us.

EVERYBODY danced; not for show-off but for self-gratification. When a Cossack took a dagger-dance notion, he would collect some daggers from his crowd, move out on the floor, and get going among the dancers. From one to half a dozen at a time would be doing it, and it was something to see. There were three-knife men and five-knife men, but one chap—a prince—did it with seven and brought down the roof.

He held the points of three long knives in his teeth, one straight out, one to either side. Two more stuck point down in his collar, behind each ear; in each hand was a blade. He began a quick-stepping pirouette, circling, whirling, working up to a frenzied conclusion without losing a knife. Then, with a mad gyration, he made a flying leap in the air, contorted his entire body, and—slap, slap, slap!—all seven knives stuck quivering in the floor around the feet of the other dancers.

That dancing, the wild music, the wilder voices, the phrenetic madness all around us, and no doubt the vodka as well, got into one's blood. Kink decided to take a crack at the dagger dance himself, and collected some knives around the table. The general clapped a cap over his ears and out he went full tilt. At his first whirl, he began to spill knives. One of them went through a Cossack's boot and foot, which ended the dance. Every one, even the wounded Kuban, thought it a huge joke.

Moscow, of course, was in every mind. Restegieff, his black eyes aflame, stood up and held his glass aloft. "To Christmas dinner in Moscow!" he thundered out, and then sent the glass crashing to the floor, that it might never be dishonored by a less worthy toast. A rip-roaring response went up all over the place. Glass after glass crashed down until the floor was an inch deep in splinters of crystal, and everybody was cheering like mad.

I've often thought of it since, and of the actual Christmas celebration we held. Restegieff lay in the snow with the ravens picking the black eyes from his frozen face. The rest of us staggered like scarecrows, our backs to Moscow, with corpses darkening the snow by the thousand, and around us a tide of death and suffering so vast that the brain could scarce comprehend it.

BUT that lay in the future. Meantime the sky was the limit!

The personnel of our train had grown considerably. Besides seventy mechanics and Clarence, we had thirty Red prisoners assigned us as manual laborers. They were grinning husky peasants who didn't know what it was all about and didn't care a hoot so long as they got something to eat.

Then there was Mud's girl, who followed us from hell to Halifax. Not that Mud hung on to her; she clung to him like a burr. Time and again we ditched her; each time we moved, she would be left behind and Mud would breathe freely again. But, sure as fate, she would turn up again at our next airdrome. She rode the rods or on the top of cars, suffered hunger and thirst, froze half stiff, but she was always there. Mud declared she was a cowslip without a calyx.

We all taught her English, as she was anxious to be able to talk to Mud in terms of affection. We taught her endearing terms and phrases, plenty of them, and she learned them faithfully. Then she would show up unexpectedly with her broad beaming grin, and greet Ireland's gift to the Empire with her best.

"Hi, there! Kiss my foot, you blank-blank son of a this and that—"

Later in the year she turned up one day when a commanding general was visiting us, in the middle of a ghastly blizzard, with seven dead spies swinging outside the car and kicking the windows with their frozen heels. She turned up and greeted Mud— But let me pass on to tell about Nina and Olga.

Eddie Fulford had gone uptown to bring back some *barishnass*—young ladies—to brighten the monotony. He blew in with two Red Cross nurses in stunning black costumes with a crimson cross on each breast. They were girls, not women; mere girls, lovely slim creatures. According to Eddie, they had been wandering round, lost or something of that sort. The gray eyes of Nina captured me right off, and no wonder. Olga was darker and even more lovely, if that were possible.

We got Russky in to do the talking. Neither of them was over twenty. They had been in hospital work. The Reds captured the hospital, shot every one in it, and put the two girls to work in their own hospital. Some of our Cossacks had just rescued them from a shooting squad.

Eddie Fulford's plane on the steppe after a forced landing.

"And they've got no place to sleep," Russky concluded.

"That's easy!" we said—unanimously. Then some one asked why they were being shot. Nina had poisoned a commissar; had put arsenic in his tea. Why? She shrugged; then, in her naïve way, slipped off her blouse.

A piece of flesh as large as a half dollar had been bitten out of her left breast. It was still unhealed, and the whole breast was discolored. The two girls went on to tell us some of the things they had seen and had been through. We decided hurriedly to have a drink and take the rest for granted. Poor kids! If you can imagine a jack-rabbit drive in Kansas, with human beings for jack rabbits, you know what humanity was worth on those Russian steppes. Only, the jack rabbits are not left alive afterward.

"Russky," Kink said, bowing to the two girls, "tell the ladies to stay for dinner. And we've some spare cabins in the sleeping car. We'll be delighted to give them quarters as long as they'll stay with us."

That settled it. They decided to take a vacation until they could rejoin a hospital unit, and teach us Russian in the meantime. Which was swell all around.

Not that it was all beer and skittles for B Flight, mind you. The Reds were making tremendous counterattacks on Tsaritsyn, hurling whole armies at us from every direction, and we had plenty of work to do. If we smashed them, we were going forward; and we were smashing them. Some of our corps were already heading north, the Kuban Cossacks among them. We had the whole Kuban people with us, for their homeland was at stake.

The bad news broke right in the middle of everything. We were looking forward to moving up toward Moscow soon. Denikine's great sweep northward was in full swing. Wrangel's ambition was to join forces with Admiral Kolchak. Had Denikine permitted it, the war would have been over; but Denikine was jealous.

Our enormous front, twelve hundred miles long, was within two hundred miles of Moscow. Everything looked jake, although the fighting was bitter enough. And the Reds were shifting over squadrons of planes to our front; we anticipated some air work that would make the German front look like child's play.

And right then, of all times, the British decided to disperse Squadron 47.

WHY? Don't ask me. Nobody knew. I doubt if anybody knows to this day. General Holman, who commanded the British mission, got his orders and passed them on to Collishaw, who took up the question with the various flights.

Meantime B Flight had developed a beautiful system of work, in conjunction with Ataman Ulugai and his Kuban Cossacks. We would locate the Reds, then move up with the Kuban troops and get ready. Kink would lead us over the enemy, bombing and machine-gunning them into confusion; at which point Ulugai would come thundering down in a wild saber charge to smash everything in sight.

We destroyed Dumenko's cavalry in this manner during the Red attacks on Tsaritsyn. It was a bad moment for us. Dumenko had broken through the lines and had a clear sweep, but we caught him on the open steppe, forty miles west of the city, and cut his whole army to shreds. Scotty got huge credit for his splendid work that day.

A Red fleet had come down the Volga at the same time and was shelling Tsaritsyn. C Flight took care of them, put their entire river fleet out of commission, and did it properly. When the Reds were ordered to attack anew, they mutinied, saying it would be suicide while those English planes were in the air. And they were right.

And now, of all times, we were ordered to clear out!

However, we had our choice in the matter. The brass hats thought too many of us were getting killed perhaps; at all events, they proposed turning 47 into an instruction school for the Russians. The British mission was not withdrawing, but the integral units were being ordered out. Colly came along and asked what we meant to do.

"To hell with instruction school," said Kink. "We came to Russia to fight, didn't we? Let somebody else do the teaching."

We agreed. Collishaw went back with word that Squadron 47 was here to fight and intended to fight. Very well, replied the brass hats; Squadron 47 of the R. A. F. was getting out, and getting out right now. If we wanted to stay and fight, with General Holman and any one else who cared to stay, it could only be as a unit of the Russian army.

AND did we thumb our noses! *We*—Squadron 47, and to hell with the brass hats! We were just getting into our stride. The fighting had barely begun. The front lines were within smelling distance of Moscow, and by heaven we were going there too!

Let them take away the name. Let them disband the squadron so far as the War Office was concerned; that was no skin off our noses. But we were going to Moscow, not to London.

We all had our reasons. Red Johnson was wildest of the crowd, for Kitty and her troop were headed for the northern front, and he was going there if he went alone. He did not have to go alone, however.

So Squadron 47 ended its career. It was a matter of technical terms, of having the British Empire behind us in name as well as in fact; it was back of us anyhow. We became the English Squadron Unit of the Volunteer Russian Army, and went right on with our job.

If we had known what lay ahead, I admit it might have altered our decision. But just then everything was booming. "*Na Moskva!*" (On to Moscow!) was on every lip and in every heart. We had the Reds on the run. The staggering loot of Tsaritsyn was nothing compared with what awaited us—the loot of an empire in Holy Moscow!

We forgot that Napoleon got to Moscow, too.

Winter comes, the dread Russian winter that was Napoleon's undoing, as B Flight, moving northward toward the front, reaches Kotluban in next week's installment. Straightway there is a dogfight with a Red squadron—the fiercest, most desperate aerial free-for-all fight you could ask to read about! Then Kitty and her "wolves" drop in on B Flight's war birds and are uproariously welcomed with rum punch. "Na Moskva!" *rings out louder than ever as a Red train is bombed from the air. But now comes dismaying news. Does it spell disaster?*

Deflected Glory

A Gay, Surprising Tale of Beauty and Broadway and Love—of a Girl Who Gave Up What She Never Had and Got What She Never Hoped For

by

RITA WEIMAN

ILLUSTRATION BY GERALD LEAKE

READING TIME
27 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

NORMA GRANT was a small-town girl. Small-town in the sense that she lived in one of the cities of limited yet substantial population which dot the map of these United States just east of the Mississippi. Small-town in the fact that she looked longingly toward the Country Club set to which she had not the slightest entree. Small-town in the way she adored the boss's son, who did not even know she was alive.

Had Norma lived in New York, she would have accepted all these conditions philosophically and consoled herself with the good-looking young assistant to the assistant manager of the sales department; with parties given by his Glee Club; with the satisfaction of a swanky glance down her nose at girls whose boy friends took them to dance parks open to the general public. Thus the law of averages.

Norma, however, was a visionary. She lived in dreams which didn't come true. And this despite the fact that her slim figure, her lovely face, filled the masculine eye with pleasure and hope. Yet night after night, under the troubled anxious gaze of mother and father, Norma's brown head, sleek as a deer's ruddy coat, bent over the book she only pretended to read. Her parents thought her unpopular. Her two sisters thought her a fool.

It was not snobbery that inspired Norma's love for the boss's son. Had he been an employee like herself she would have loved Bud Clyde in the same way. Experience, however, informed her that had he been an employee he would not have failed to notice her. More than one young man working for the Clyde Automobile Company had eagerly displayed male enthusiasm for Norma's feminine charms. Bud's enthusiasm as he sat on the edge of his father's desk swinging a long leg while they discussed the day's work was all for business. The gleam in his gray eyes was for nothing more than the

Dancing at a night club, he leaned down and whispered: "You're wonderful, Norma." She felt his arm grip her.

parts of a new automobile model. His father's secretary was just another piece of furniture in the well appointed office; a robot at a desk, pounding the keys of a noiseless typewriter. Daily as he swung in he gave a brief nod in Norma's direction without even turning his head. Daily Norma's gaze lifted to the broad shoulders, the tousled black hair, the warm vitality of his grin. She loved his crisp decision in matters of business, his eager rich voice, his dependability, his authority, his easy long stride, even the fact that he would not bend to flirtation with her attractive self.

Once she bowed to Bud on the street. He returned the

greeting courteously, yet with the puzzled expression of a man trying to place some chance acquaintance.

Norma's eyes smarted with fury—fury at herself. Certainly it was not his fault if he made living one continuous hurt. A girl whose method was as modern as her figure would have been able to conduct some plan of campaign to make him notice her. But then, a girl as modern as her figure would undoubtedly not stop at mere observation. Norma's thoughts of Bud Clyde belonged to the obsolete knight-in-armor variety. All she asked was to be looked at, not through. Hope soared no higher than a smile.

The smile never came. She gave up raising her eyes at the moment Bud's big frame filled the doorway or when he passed her on the way out. She went on pounding her noiseless keyboard as if from it might rise some answer to the riddle of love.

By the aforementioned law of averages, however, another man halted in the doorway one afternoon, and the first thing he noticed was Norma Grant. As Mr. Clyde rose to greet him, his glance slid in the direction of Mr. Clyde's secretary. When the interview terminated, he dropped a glove just as he passed her desk. He stooped. She looked up. He had an excellent survey of dark-lashed blue eyes, then went on his way.

Mr. Clyde, who accompanied him to the outer office, returned presently.

"Well," he announced, "there's a neat compliment for you. Mr. Harley says if you ever get tired of being my secretary, he'll take you on."

"Who's Mr. Harley?" asked Norma.

"Marc Harley, New York theatrical producer."

"Oh, yes," nodded Norma indifferently. "I read about him in one of the movie magazines. He's been in California supervising some musical picture, hasn't he?"

"That's where we met last summer. He's motoring East now and stopped off to say hello. Nice of him—wish he could stay longer. By the way, don't let his offer turn your head. You're too good a secretary to make a good actress."

Norma laughed and gave the matter no further thought.

THAT night she had a caller. Marc Harley ingratiatingly explained that his chauffeur happened to drive through this street on the way out of town. He could not resist dropping in. He did not mention how he had found her address.

Let there be no misapprehension, he hastened to assure Norma—this call had a purely business basis. Had Miss Grant ever entertained the idea of going on the stage?

Norma ridiculed the very idea.

Nonsense! She must let him combat that. She danced well, of course. All a question of training. And sing? No need for an inspired voice. One thing in her favor—she had never played in amateur theatricals. That would help a lot.

He kept up a running fire of questions, answering most of them himself. With insistence impossible to resent, he made her march up and down the room until she felt like a mannequin. And as Bud Clyde looked at without seeing her, so this man noted every flowing line, every curve, apparent and suggested, every drifting value, every sifting light.

He ended by offering her a job in the musical show he would be shaping up immediately on his return to New York. Norma dismissed the suggestion as too silly even to discuss. He begged her to give it serious thought. Undoubtedly she was the most beautiful girl in town. He was a judge—he knew! And what future had she here? Two alternatives. She would go on thumping a typewriter the rest of her days, an efficient old-maid secretary. Or she would marry some boy who'd tie her down to the responsibility of making both ends meet while she raised a family.

What—if she'd pardon him—was her salary? Twenty dollars a week? Why, he started his show girls at sixty!

Marc Harley was plausible, glib, convincing. It was the way he made friends; the way he got financial backing for his stupendous and dazzling productions; the way he put off importunate costume and scenic designers who gave him their best on promises to pay; the way he talked authors out of insistence on prompt royalties.

He assured Norma that if she failed to come to New York she would be missing the opportunity of a lifetime. She had only to wire his office any time within the next three weeks.

The idea, at first absurd, plagued like the bite of a sand flea. It popped up at unexpected moments. It tormented in the middle of the night. It teased and itched, and there was no balm at hand.

Then one day came announcement of Bud Clyde's engagement to Margot Van Cleve of the Country Club set. Norma sat at her desk, hands silent against the keys. The elder Clyde would expect all employees to attend the ceremony. Church music. Scent of flowers. Bride in glowing white satin. Bud pledging life, love . . .

What a fool, what a sentimental idiot she was! Nevertheless she could not keep the tears from her eyes nor her hands from shaking. So she wired Marc Harley, packed her trunk against the chorus of parental protest, drew her slight savings from the bank, and fled.

NORMA GRANT registered in New York at a rigidly respectable women's hotel where no man, even accompanied by his wife, could rise above the parlor floor unless fate had made him a physician. Taking time only to wash the cinders from face and hands and dab powder on her nose, she indulged in the luxury of a taxi to dash over to the Harley Theater. There was a sort of wild desire not to give herself a minute to feel lost or lonely.

Girls were crowding into the elevator. By the dozen. By the score. By the hundred, it seemed. Norma finally managed to squeeze into their midst, and found herself following them along a narrow corridor to a large bare room on the top floor.

The air was thick with cigarette smoke and combined perfumes that gave it the fetid smell of a hothouse. The girls were all the same type, whether blonde, brunette, or redhead. Their faces had the smooth perfection of figures in a coiffeur's window. Even when they talked and an occasional dimple dotted the facial landscape, there was no indication of a definite change of view. They might have been the assembled product of some supermother.

At a desk sat a homely efficient-looking young woman who regarded the throng with patronizing hostility. She seemed the only human being in the place.

Norma approached her.

"I want to see Mr. Harley, please."

The young woman's expression indicated that she might have been asking to see the President of the United States.

"He's not here."

"But he expects me."

"Mr. Harley is in Baltimore."

"There must be some mistake. Surely he'd have answered my telegram if he wasn't going to be here."

"Mr. Harley is a busy man," the young woman informed Norma in the manner of flicking a fly from her sleeve.

"But I came at his particular request."

"On what business?" There was a faint elevation of eyebrows.

Norma's heart contracted spasmodically, yet she kept her gaze level.

"To go into his new production."

"Oh," flicked the young woman. "Mr. Longstreet attends to weeding out girls for the chorus."

"But Mr. Harley definitely promised me a job. I wouldn't have come East if—"

The bored rejoinder indicated that motives for the Eastern trip were of no concern:

"Mr. Longstreet will see you shortly."

Norma huddled in a corner and waited. There seemed nothing else to do. Hours in the smoke-sogged atmosphere, and then announcement came that Mr. Longstreet was seeing no more applicants today.

Norma went back to her hotel, too bewildered to be resentful. Of course, once she actually managed to reach

the man responsible for her predicament, he would do something about it. The following morning she sent him a note by special messenger. The boy returned with a line from Harley's secretary.

Mr. Harley would be away until the end of the week. If Miss Grant wanted a part, she had better see Mr. Longstreet.

Norma saw Mr. Longstreet—eventually.

He proved to be a pompadoured, rather handsome, slightly high-voiced person with cold appraising eyes. He wore a snug-waisted gray suit, low collar with exaggerated points, and a purple tie held by a magnificent scarfpin. He had a disconcerting way of saying nothing.

As Norma told her story she felt uncomfortably that he wasn't even listening. He looked out the window. He moved things about. He answered the telephone. Finally his eyes sprang at her with sudden unexpected directness. As distinctly as if he had spoken, she knew that inexperience in the art of offstage make-up made her little more than a faded background for the vivid symmetry and color of all the girls who had preceded and would follow.

Mr. Longstreet cut short the details, took her name, address, telephone number, and gave a swift gesture of dismissal.

Before giving way to panic, Norma besieged Harley by every method known to human invention. By special delivery. By night letters. By telephone.

The letters and telegrams were ignored. The messages met curt demand from the operator to state her business. No royal personage, no politician, no racketeer could have been surrounded by a more protective bodyguard. Once she even dared to call his house in Westchester. His wife answered and hung up the receiver.

Then she did give way to panic. She counted her remaining money. It required no feat in arithmetic. There was not even enough to take her home. She jingled the coins in her hand and they sounded grimly like coins in a beggar's cup.

Once more she dashed over to the theater, this time to ask the formidable desk girl for the name of an agency which might place her in a secretarial position. As she crossed the street, traffic delivered Marc Harley into her hands. A car was trying to wedge its way from between a taxi and an indifferent limousine. Inside was the impresario, fuming at the delay.

NORMA stepped up to the door, opened it, stepped in, sat down calmly beside him. Then, before he had a chance to call his chauffeur's aid in ejecting this female nuisance, she introduced herself and reminded him of his offer.

"You told me to come on and be a show girl. So I came," she concluded.

Harley stared blankly. Then light dawned.

"For heaven's sake, child, why didn't you let me know?"

Norma began to laugh, a struggling laugh that stuck halfway.

"I haven't been doing anything else for three weeks."

His glance ran over her like cold water.

Her skin had the drab tint of sleepless nights. Her eyes lacked luster. Sandwiches at a lunch counter comprised her diet. She was thin, not slim, and looked years older than when he had seen her in the calm security of accustomed routine.

A slight yet expressive frown furrowed his bland brow.

"Too bad the new show is full up." The car gave a jerk, then slid into traffic. "Can I drop you anywhere?"

"That's for you to decide," said Norma.

"My dear young lady—"

"You see, Mr. Harley," she interrupted breathlessly, "it's your responsibility that I'm here. And before I'm left absolutely stranded it's your responsibility to see that I don't starve."

"Of course—of course," was the cagey rejoinder. "I'll be glad to pay your fare home."

"I don't intend to go home," said Norma. "I wouldn't dare show my face. Besides, my job is gone now. It's up to you to find me another."

Harley indulged in a crisp laugh.

"If I attempted to find work for every girl who lands here to go on the stage—"

"Oh, but I don't want to go on the stage. I never did, really. That was all your idea. Take me on as a secretary, Mr. Harley. You've got a regiment of them. Surely one more can't do any harm. I was with Mr. Clyde five years—handled his most confidential correspondence." And she added with a touch of sly diplomacy, "You know what an influential man he is. He'd hate to hear of the jam I'm in."

WHETHER the universal usage of Clyde cars, the importance of Roger Clyde's good will at some future date — even automobile manufacturers have been known to back shows — or Norma's mild blackmail influenced Marc Harley is uncertain. But in less than a week she was installed as part of the office machinery at a weekly salary of twenty-five dollars.

Almost before she realized it, Norma Grant became merged with Broadway.

She knew the vernacular. She knew the managers who foregathered in Harley's private sanctum. She was thoroughly familiar with the names, talents, and peculiarities of theatrical celebrities. Like a setter she scented people her employer wished to avoid and trained herself to forgo sympathy with their disappointment. During rehearsals she sat, pad in hand, jotting down production notes. She learned technical terms with an ease that made "dimmer," "baby spots," "straws," "ambers," "traveler," "reprise," "segue," "cue-in," "blackout" the a-b-c of daily conversation. But in one respect she was not of Broadway. She knew how to hold her tongue.

At the end of a year, Harley's confidential secretary having resigned, Norma was promoted to her position and forty dollars a week.

She now wore her hair gently undulated, a faint tinge of gold rippling like sunlight over its ruddy brown. Her eyes were delicately shadowed just under and just above the long lashes. Her skin was transparent clear. She used no rouge on the cheeks, but her mouth was a splash of sophisticated red. Her clothes, always dark in color, were the last word in cut. She bought only a few but at good shops. Against a blatant background she was conspicuous for her good taste. Men dropping in to see Harley dropped in again to ask her out to lunch or dinner.

Thus, lunching at the Algonquin one day with the lyricist of the latest Harley spectacle, she looked up as a man passed her table. Then she bowed with the same old chest contraction. Bud Clyde bowed in turn. It was apparent that, as once before, he did not know her. Yet, when he sat down at the next table, his eyes met Norma's

and he smiled. A very decided smile—an inquisitive, acquisitive smile plainly indicating that any illumination as to identity would be gratefully received.

The famous lyricist paddled through the moaning lyric of his newest I-love-you ditty, faintly humming the tune. Norma listened with eyes half closed. That is, she appeared to listen while wondering how she could get rid of him and halt Bud Clyde. She might have saved herself the problem. Bud Clyde hurried luncheon, halted of his own accord. He shook hands with the enthusiasm of an old friend, obviously waiting for some hint as to her name.

It amused Norma to give none, though she promptly introduced him to her companion.

"Mr. Clyde is from my home town," she cued with a sidewise glance at Bud.

"It's great running into you this way," he said cheerily. "I got in only yesterday."

"Are you staying at this hotel?"

"No. The Cornell Club." Then Bud got an inspiration. "Ring me there, won't you? I'll be in town two weeks."

During her New York apprenticeship Norma had ceased to be a visionary. She had learned that dreams can come true. She did not ring Bud Clyde. She merely dispatched a note giving her home telephone number. He responded with an invitation to dine the same night and arranged to call for her at seven.

Meanwhile she asked herself questions and answered them by dismissal. Bud was married, wasn't he? Well, what harm if she lunched and dined with him during his short visit! Bud had always been the one man for her, and always would be. Risky, the game she was about to play! Heavens, weren't hundreds of women playing it?

But one thing was certain. She would never again let him ignore her as a nobody. When he called for her that night, she must look like no woman he had ever known, must stamp the conviction that she belonged to a world completely outside his own.

Norma had long since moved to a one-room, alcove, and kitchenette apartment in a reconstructed house just a few blocks from the theater district. Shared with another girl in the office, its equipment consisted of furniture from defunct Harley productions.

She received Bud in the living room that served at night as sleeping quarters. High-ceilinged, with walls and mantel painted mellow ocher; deep chairs of copper velvet; couch covered in gold damask; drapes to match drawn across the tall windows; candlesticks with thick altar candles at either end of the mantel, their flames sketching smoky shadows; coals glowing in the grate—all gave the place that vague aroma of grease paint which clings to stage properties as the imprint of past centuries clings to draperies and tapestries in old palaces.

Norma in her long tight-sleeved brown-velvet dress belonged in the room. Lacking ornament of any kind, the very simplicity of her costume was theatrical. A twist of brown silk draped into a turban. Her pallor had warm vitality and her eyes the dense blue of a dark night.

"I'VE got to make a confession," announced Bud as though enlightening her. "Yesterday I hadn't the least idea who you were. When your note came, I suddenly remembered the name as that of the secretary who broke dad's heart by going on the stage."

So he thought her an actress. Norma hesitated, noting the warmth of his appreciative smile. Well, why not? It was all part of the game.

Why inform him that her change of job had been merely a change of geographical position? She had wanted him to place her in another world where she would be somebody.

She answered his smile with a slow one all her own.

"It's an interesting career."

"Must be. It's made a different person of you."

"How?"

"Well—there's something about the theater gives a woman radiance. Brings out all her lights and shades. You've got such poise and—er—guess you'd call it mystery. Sort of a fourth dimension, if you get what I mean."

"Yes, I get it."

The fact that he took her on surface values held no tinge of bitterness or irony for Norma. It merely justified her in letting him believe she was something she was not. It paved the way for a sophistication and subtle superiority that placed Bud in her debt. It was an experience that thrilled.

She took him to the latest night club and they had dry Martinis on uncomfortable stools at a crowded bar. She bowed to this one and that, whether they knew her or not. She crooned the I-love-you ditty that Lew Emerson had given her the day before. Her eyes were half closed. "That's one from our new show. It's going to be a sure-fire number."

Bud spoke softly and his eyes were bright.

"I'd like to see you," he mused, "behind the footlights."

"You probably wouldn't give me a second look."

"Wouldn't I, though?"

They slipped from the stools, pushed through the throng to the main room. Its mirrored walls had once reflected arbiters of what was then exclusive society. Society dined now with arbiters of the more recent and equally exclusive American social order of racketeers.

Norma called the headwaiter "Luigi" and selected choice dishes with an ease indicating familiarity.

"Let's have some stuffed celery—they use a special kind of cheese." "You'll love the asparagus—the sauce is so different."

AIDED by Luigi's taste and experience, the dinner proved a marvel. So did the bill.

"When I come to this town"—Bud's manner was almost shy—"I feel like such a hick. So many tricks I don't know."

"But you have lots of friends, haven't you?"

"Acquaintances. College buddies I see once or twice a year. Then it's not easy for a man to start where he left off. We haven't much in common. Outside of the theater and business, I find it hard to kill time. Sounds ridiculous, doesn't it?"

"No. You're probably as lonely here as I was at home."

"Well, I don't mean to be this trip. How busy are you during the day?"

"We—we're rehearsing."

"But lunch—"

"I can manage that."

"Do you mind if a hick from the Middle West camps on your doorstep?"

Mind? Did she mind? Norma stooped to pick up an imaginary handkerchief. Bud must not see her eyes. They were glimpsing paradise.

There followed two weeks stolen from the calendar of a lifetime and framed in memory. Luncheons, dinners, dancing, and the scattered indications of Norma's acquaintance with Broadway.

"There's Sam Harris coming in with Kaufman, author of the biggest hit in town. And the man at the next table, the one whose tie is hanging over his vest—" Norma bowed with a friendly smile.

They saw all the popular plays. Norma lifted the curtain on intimate backstage glimpses. Jealousies, enmities, titbits of gossip picked up in the office. The joy of Bud's warm interest, the excitement of being close to him, his touch, however casual, the laughter in his eyes animated every word she spoke, every unimportant fragment of information.

She found it possible to embroider the fabric of her own subterfuge, to describe in detail her part in the forthcoming production. Fortunately Harley never allowed visitors during rehearsals. Hence it was necessary to refuse Bud's plea that she smuggle him in to see her perform.

There was always the lurking possibility that some chance slip might reveal her actual position. Well, if Bud became suspicious she would let him have the truth.

Norma floated through those weeks on the wings of imagination—an Arabian Nights vista in which gaiety,

emotion, and the illusion of power, like a rainbow across gray skies, colored the ordinary course of living. It would be gone soon, and at the end no pot of gold. Yet she would have had her moment of being a person of importance to the man she loved.

Dancing at a night club, he leaned down and whispered:

"You're wonderful, Norma."

She felt his arm grip her, felt his lips against her hair.

"Am I?" She looked up. "How?"

"Every way. Something electric in my hands when they touch you. They don't want to let go."

Her voice caught on the answer:

"Then let's keep on dancing."

That night on the way home the taxi careened around a corner. Bud's arm went out, captured her like a flame. Longing closed Norma's eyes—closed them in more ways than one. She did not want to think.

They pulled up abruptly at her doorstep.

"May I come in?"

"It's too late."

"Then tomorrow night?"

"Yes."

"Love me a little?"

"Bud—" The way she spoke the name told him.

She fled up the steps.

Where—where from here? Why ask herself? These last hours of his visit were hers. No one could take them away. She was miserable, ecstatic, in the foolish unreasoning way women have of counting tomorrow, then discounting it in the delirium of today.

"Let's not go out to dinner," she phoned Bud next day. "I'll have something prepared. Let's stay at home."

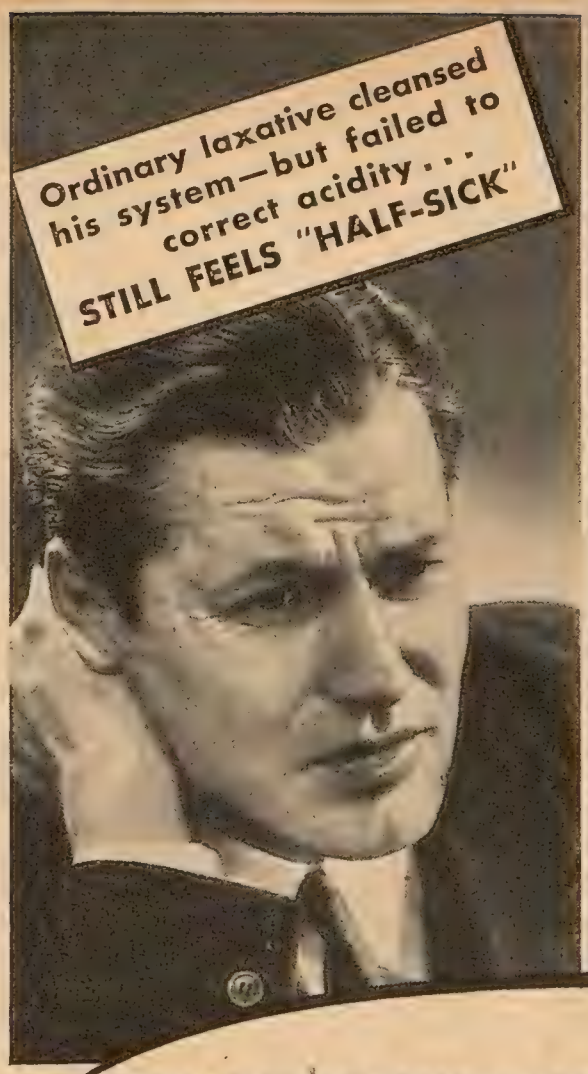
NORMA devoted the lunch hour to selecting a shimmery green-satin hostess gown which set her back a week's salary.

While she put it on the I-love-you ditty moaned from her lips. Perfectly silly song. Perfectly silly thing she was doing—tempting herself to love him more—tempting him.

Bud did not kiss her when he came in. He took both her hands and stood and filled his eyes with her.

They sat down at a table before the fireplace. A pretty mulatto girl, engaged for the occasion, combined the roles of cook and waitress. She served grapefruit sunk in ice and decorated with maraschino cherries, squabs banked in green peas, salad of avocado, fresh strawberries hooded with whipped cream—choice luxuries of the market selected by Norma on an early-morning pilgrimage. She poured coffee from an eggshell-china pot into miniature cups, also part of the day's purchase.

After dinner the table was folded and topped by a bowl of early lilac whose drifting fragrance circled the air. Something else circled the room. The something that makes a man and woman breathless, each waiting for the other to express what both are thinking.



WHY YOU MUST ALSO CORRECT ACIDITY TO GET *Real Relief* FROM EFFECTS OF CONSTIPATION

If you want real relief from the headaches . . . the listlessness . . . the "tired feeling" . . . and other miserable effects of constipation, you must do these two things:

Cleanse your system of clogging wastes—and combat the acidity that accompanies constipation.

That is why millions are now turning to Sal Hepatica. For this is the laxative that does BOTH . . . that counteracts acidity as well as cleanses the intestinal tract.

Just take two teaspoonfuls of Sal Hepatica in a glass of water. Soon the alkaline action of this unique mineral salt laxative begins to correct your acidity . . . to restore your alkaline reserve.

At the same time it gently, thoroughly frees your body of clogging wastes and poisons—in an easy, natural manner.

Unlike Other Laxatives

You can not expect these same wonderful results from ordinary laxatives. For while the usual laxative will cleanse your system, it is not designed to correct your acidity.

So, take Sal Hepatica the next time you need a laxative. And see what a remarkable difference it makes in the way you feel, when you correct acidity as well as cleanse your system.

TUNE IN! "TOWN HALL TONIGHT." One full hour of music, drama, sparkling fun. Every Wednesday night, over National Broadcasting Network.

RECOMMENDED BY DOCTORS FOR OVER 40 YEARS FOR . . .

COLDS
HEADACHES
INDIGESTION
UPSET STOMACH
NERVOUSNESS
UNNATURAL FATIGUE

All these ailments are commonly associated with and aggravated by constipation and an acid condition.

Sal Hepatica THE MINERAL SALT LAXATIVE THAT CORRECTS ACIDITY

"Sure you don't want to go to a show?" asked Bud restlessly.

"Sure. But if you do—"

"I want to stay here with you. I wish—"

He halted.

"What do you wish, Bud?" prompted Norma.

"That I didn't have to leave you, didn't have to go back." He stood at the fireplace, flicked ash into the grate. Then suddenly:

"How much does all this mean to you, Norma?"

"All what?"

"This"—with a vague gesture—"Broadway, the excitement, all the important people you know, the thrill of show business."

"I love it, of course," she answered, wondering at the abrupt question.

"Yes, naturally." Bud spoke almost to himself. "You'd never want to give it up."

"I'd never go back to what I was."

Bud frowned.

"Nobody'd be crazy enough to expect that."

His long swinging stride covered the floor half a dozen times before he said another word. Norma's eyes followed him. Was he sorry about last night? Had conscience got hold of him? Well, he was right. She had played with fire. She must not let it burn them both.

Finally he stopped. She could see his hands clench. He came closer but still made no attempt to touch her.

"Norma, give it up. Give it up for me."

"Bud—"

"I want you so! I never wanted anything this way in all my life."

"But—wait a minute. What *do* you want of me?"

"I'm going home day after tomorrow. Come with me. I know it's asking a lot. But I'll make up to you for everything. Don't make me go back alone. Darling—I'm crazy about you."

So this summed up what she meant to him. A show girl he was ready shamelessly to plunge back into the old environment, under what different circumstances! The mere suggestion hurt. There was something so heedless, so cruel in it. Her fault, of course. She had tried theatrically to play a part, and succeeded too well. Her fault, but not any easier to face because of that.

Among other things Norma had learned to cover confusion with a wisecrack. Now she managed to whip out:

"But won't your wife object?"

"My wife? What in the name of heaven are you talking about?"

"When I left," Norma said, "you were engaged to Margot Van Cleve."

Bud was furiously silent an instant. Then the crackle of his voice equaled hers.

"Listen. Don't you ever get letters from home?"

"I never asked for information about you. I—I didn't want it."

"That so? Well, young woman, Margot switched me long ago for one of the big mugs in Chicago. The engagement was hardly on before it was off." He went over and pulled her suddenly out of the chair. "Norma, look here. You haven't been thinking all this time—"

"Yes, I have."

"Then last night when I asked if you loved me—"

"I do."

"What in hell did you think I wanted?"

Norma smiled, and her eyes looked tender and very wise.

"Well, somehow I had an idea you wanted me." . . .

This is not a very moral tale. But it is fact, and fact has little relation to morality.

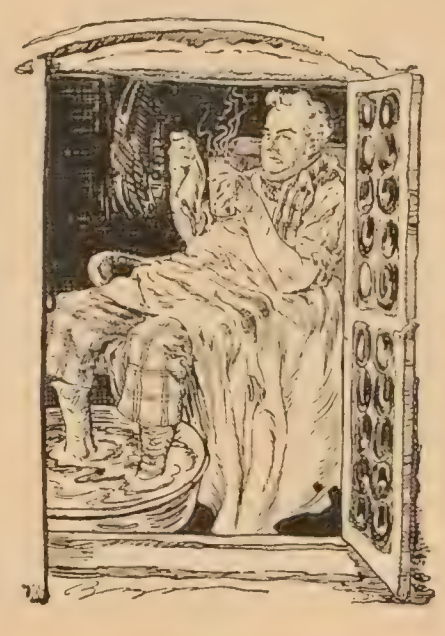
Norma never made a wifely confession. To this day Bud Clyde believes she relinquished a shining career to marry him. He worships her in proportion to her sacrifice. In the Country Club set where she is acknowledged leader, her talent for staging amateur theatricals is always ascribed to professional experience behind the footlights.

THE END

The WORLD of TOMORROW

Be Healthy with Radio Short Waves!

by RAY CUMMINGS



YOU sit at home with your feet in a tub of hot water and an antipyretic cloth around your throat. You feel awful because you have a bad congestion of the respiratory passages, probably inflammation of the trachea, and your blood temperature is 100.4° Fahrenheit.

Your wife says, "Henry, here's a five-grain tablet of monoaceticacidester of salicylic acid." Your wife is government-educated; modern technicalities come easy to her.

You say irritably, "I doad wad it."

But you take it. Your wife floods the room with symphonic music; but that's annoying and you tune it out.

"In the morning," your wife says, "I'll give you eight drams of oleum ricini."

You shudder. "I doad wad it," you insist. "I wad a doctor dow. Ad I wad more distillate of juniper. I wad twelve drams."

You have had more than twenty-four drams already, and she refuses. But she sends for the doctor. You wait impatiently for him to arrive. You feel worse by now.

You think with irony of how medical science has progressed in the last few years. You ought not be sick at all, living in this day and age. Medical science, indeed, does wonderful and weird things these days. Ultraviolet rays to make snake venom impotent. Infrared rays—the astonishing "black light," as the newscasters call it—photographing the veins and blood stream of the human body. The reverse of the X ray. And a medicine to cause a mother to love her children more keenly—prolactin, extracted from a gland in the brain, creating in any woman to whom it is administered a great maternal instinct. . . .

You have just discovered that your blood temperature is up to 100.7° Fahrenheit when your wife ushers in the doctor.

He has the old-fashioned bright and cheery manner, this doctor; he talks affectedly old-fashioned. But you know that he is absolutely modern just the same. Briskly he examines you, using every instrument in his little black bag. He says happily to your wife:

"I guess that menthol liniment around his throat is as good as anything. I'd give him five grains of aspirin."

She says, "I did. And I told him I'd give him two tablespoonfuls of castor oil in the morning."

The doctor agrees that that will be fine. Your wife adds, "He wants another drink of gin, but he's had three already."

The doctor thinks you might have another. He packs up his instruments. He says, "I'll come tomorrow if you send for me. But try not to—I'm awfully busy."

You say aggressively, "Why doad you do subdig to cure me?"

He beams. He says, "Don't worry—I will. Your trouble baffled us up until recently. But it doesn't now." He turns to your wife. He says:

"Does he like any of the short-wave radio programs?"

You say, "I doad like the radio. Wad's thad got to do with it?"

The doctor says, "Never mind. I'll send you a short-wave vibrator in the morning. That will do your head cold more good than anything I know of."

Do you doubt the plausibility of this as a 1935 actuality? Really, it's true. Dr. William Dieffenbach of the American Institute of Homeopathy recently vouched for the medicinal value of radio short waves. The discovery was made that radio operators were abnormally free from head colds, and study showed that the short waves increased the number of white corpuscles of the blood, thus combating bacteria. Incidentally, Dr. Dieffenbach termed this one of the most important medical discoveries since the X ray.

A MOTHER'S WIT

Liberty's Short Short

by PETER CARTWRIGHT

READING TIME ● 6 MINUTES 3 SECONDS

HUGE Hannah Laidlaw, sheriff of Arizona's wildest, toughest county, stood—two well armed deputies on either side of her—before the brick jail and watched grimly, intently the hundreds of men milling in the jail yard.

It was 9.40 P. M. Lightning continuously ripped the black sky wide open. Thunder roared. A flood of rain was coming.

From the front of the mob strode Jack Sevren, a shortish, powerfully made, redheaded, belligerent man. He stopped three feet from Hannah.

"Sheriff," the man growled angrily, "this is once you're on the wrong side. Bert Knowles killed Jimmy Thurston in cold blood. Jimmy was the finest boy in town, and, blast it, now we're going to—"

"Oh, no, you're not." Hannah grinned grimly. "I admit, Jack Sevren, I made a bust. I should've rushed Bert straight to Sage Bend. He'd have been safe there—thirty miles away. But I thought you Carson men would have some sense."

Bitterly Sevren countered: "We have. We've got enough to know that Knowles broke in through the back door of the Monarch Garage because he knew Jimmy was up in the office working on his books after supper. When Jimmy recognized him in spite of his mask and resisted having the safe robbed, Knowles shot him in the heart."

"That's correct. But Bert is going to have a trial."

"Trial hell! We know some jury would almost sure let him off with a few years in the pen because his mother is an invalid."

"Back up, you, Jack Sevren!"

Sevren had grabbed at Hannah's gun. She shoved him back two steps upon the wide brick sidewalk, then turned and cried to the men:

"Men, there's not one of you that don't know that seven years ago my own boy Gid was lynched." Tears filled her black eyes, ran down her big tanned cheeks. "Some one masked, then robbed a pool hall here in Carson, killing the cashier. Gid found out they thought he did it. He beat the sheriff home, and on his knees in front of me he swore he wasn't even in the pool hall that night. I could tell he told the truth. I was a dumbbell; I thought he would get a chance to prove he wasn't guilty. I phoned the sheriff to come and get him. And he did.

"But"—her voice breaking huskily—"a mob took my boy away from the sheriff and hung him to a tree. Two hours afterward Link Gardner confessed that he was the masked man. I swore I'd get to be sheriff. And I did. And I swore no one would ever lynch a prisoner of mine. They never have. *And you're not going to lynch Bert Knowles.*"

"But," argued Sevren, "Knowles admits he killed Jim."

Hannah's booming voice broke in: "Men, Bob Calhoun's out there on the sidewalk with Mrs. Knowles in her wheel chair. I sent him after her. She's going to see her son a few minutes. Let him through with—"

A chorus of fierce "No's!" interrupted.

Bob Calhoun shouted to Hannah: "Have Jack Sevren come out here. I want to talk to him."

Hannah turned to Sevren. "Going?"

Reluctantly he pushed through to Calhoun.

Old Mrs. Knowles was bent forward with her head buried in her arms; her shoulders shook as she cried hysterically. The aged woman, respected by all Carson, was paralyzed from the waist down—had been for twenty years.

Calhoun drew Sevren away from the wheel chair and talked a moment. Sevren nodded.

"Let him through with her, boys," he shouted. "It's all right, I guarantee."

As Calhoun started, Hannah turned and warned her deputies, "Something up, men. Keep your eyes open!"

Mrs. Knowles's wide-brimmed old black hat was tied closely down over her head with a black ribbon. Because she was bent over, her white hair showed under the back of the hat. She was wrapped in a long black coat against the chill of the stormy night.

Hannah unlocked the jail door. As she took the wheel chair from Calhoun she looked at him intently and asked, "What's up?"

"Nothing much. I just figured out a way to get that bunch to let Mrs. Knowles through."

Brusquely Hannah said, "Remember, I'm trusting you, Bob. Don't fail me." She pushed the wheel chair through the door, shut and locked it behind her. Sevren was circulating through the crowd talking earnestly. The deputies stood like statues, eyes watching the mob.

In less than ten minutes Hannah opened the door and pushed the wheel chair back out on the sidewalk. As before, the small figure was bent over, head buried in crossed arms. Crying shook thin shoulders.

"Take her home, Bob," directed Hannah. "Then hurry back here. We're going to need help to handle these jaspers."

Lightning flashed as Calhoun pushed the wheel chair through the mob and around a corner.

Sevren strode up to Hannah. "Sheriff, when Calhoun called me out there a while ago, he promised that if we'd let him through without trouble, he and your other deputies wouldn't help you after he took Mrs. Knowles away."

HANNAH turned. The four deputies were taking their guns from their holsters. They laid them on the sidewalk against the jail front. They straightened, looked at Hannah sheepishly.

"Why, you Judases!

Hannah whirled. A dozen men were upon her. Hands thrust into the air her gun arm. She flailed away with her great left fist, battling furiously. But she was overpowered. Her gun and keys were taken from her. The mob went streaming into the jail.

Hannah cast one long grimly accusing stare at her deputies. Then she suddenly dropped to the sidewalk and buried her face in her arms, her shoulders shaking as she cried.

Less than thirty seconds later the men began emerging from the jail. *With them was no prisoner.* They cast quick angry glances at Hannah and her deputies, hurled in their direction savage words that the storm made indistinguishable, and went running in all directions.

Hannah got up, followed her deputies into the jail.

There the deputies stopped and grinned congratulatingly at each other.

"Well, it worked," said one of the men. "But we men thought it wouldn't. We were sure that bunch would know that the six-bit wig you had on Bert was false—and that he was a little too big for Mrs. Knowles."

"Aw, shucks," replied Hannah comfortably. "A mob's dumb. If it wasn't it wouldn't be a mob. Maybe the weather helped us, too. Well, Bob's got the best team and buckboard in this country, and he and Bert are miles on the way to Sage Bend by this time."

"We'll help you take Mrs. Knowles home."

"Don't need to. You chase on. Soon as this rain lets up I'll carry her home. Bless her old heart, she don't weigh more than a hundred pounds!"

THE END

WE CAN'T WAIT FOR

Mrs. Roosevelt Answers Her Critics in a Vigorous Defense of a Project Which, She Says, Is Already Paying Dividends in Health, Contentment, and Well-Being

Acme photo

Mrs. Roosevelt, with Alice Davis, Quaker relief worker, at Arnettsville, West Virginia, in 1933.

Homesteaders buy groceries in the community store at Red House.

Subsistence homesteads—especially the government project at Reedsville, West Virginia—have aroused considerable discussion throughout the nation, and, in some cases, bitter criticism. Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt has been vitally interested in the subsistence-homestead idea since its inception, especially in the Reedsville development. This interest has led her to make a careful study of the whole problem and a number of personal inspection visits to the various projects.

In the following article, written at Liberty's invitation, Mrs. Roosevelt explains her faith in the plan and gives her answer to those who criticize it.

READING TIME ● 11 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

THESE statements appear in an article in the April Harper's Magazine entitled Planning for Permanent Poverty—What Subsistence Farming Really Stands For:

Chattel slavery was abolished by the Federal Government in 1863. In 1935 the Federal Government has established what is in effect a state of serfdom. . . . Though personally free, the homesteader is actually bound and can not move.

I cannot believe that the gentlemen who wrote this article really understood the purpose of the subsistence-homestead movement or the methods by which it is being developed.

The annual payment on subsistence homesteads under the legal arrangement, which is on a thirty-year amortization basis, is 3 per cent interest, making a monthly payment of $4.25 per $1,000, which means in the case of a homestead costing $3,000 that the interest and annual payment per month would be $12.75. A few of the homesteads run as high as $4,000 and $4,500. On this basis the payments are not more than what almost any individual would have to pay in rent for a house far below the standard offered in most government homesteads. Therefore, if one moved during the first few years, he could not properly get anything back, but he would have paid out no more than he would have paid in rent. When the final contracts are written, there is under consideration a clause which will cover the possibility of a homesteader moving after he would be entitled to a return of part of his investment. This certainly will not tie any one to the land against his will.

I wonder, also, if the gentlemen realized the fact that a man without the means of growing part of his livelihood is much more of a slave than the man who has no need to buy certain things.

If we could reach the millennium at one bound and say that we would produce enough so that $2,500 to $5,000 should actually be every man's annual income, and a car should stand in every man's garage, this indeed would be the perfect solution to our problem. Unfortunately, at present we are not producing, and we do not seem to know how to distribute these goods if we did produce them so that they would reach, in the desired amount, all the people who have spent years of struggle in the past and received for all their labor an income ranging anywhere from $150 to $1,000 a year. To be sure, the $150 income was supplemented in most cases by some food grown on a farm, but even at that their standards of living haven't been very high.

Now, as an illustration of the subsistence-homestead plan, I am going to tell you a little about that much discussed, and at times vilified, project near Reedsville, West Virginia.

They say that Scott's Run, West Virginia, the familiar "Bloody Run" of the old strike days, is the heart of the most concentrated bituminous-coal fields in the world. Many of the people working there came from farms and mountains in the days of fabulously high wages. A family with many children—and eleven or twelve children are not unusual—had enough to eat and to clothe them in those days. They paid exorbitant prices occasionally at a company store, but so did the rest of America at other stores in that period.

THE MILLENNIUM

by

Mrs. FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT

In school at Red House, a federal community homestead project.

Keystone View photos

One of the homesteaders' dwellings at Red House. Each has three fourths of an acre for gardening.

Then came the crash and years of misery. Men were out of work one and two and more years, working only occasionally. The Quakers came at last to lend a helping hand. Finally the government set men to work repairing roads, clearing waterways, improving sanitation. The Quakers continued to encourage work in recreation fields, improving houses, and subsistence gardens.

I went to West Virginia and, by careful planning, succeeded in spending some time in mining camps without being recognized. To the families whom I visited I was simply a friend brought in by the social workers.

The people I saw had begun to realize that hundreds of these men would never work again in the mines and that they had to face the problem of devising what they should do in the future, and many of the women did not want to see their husbands and children continue in mining.

THE government, realizing their need, started the first experiment in subsistence homesteading in Arthurdale, near Reedsville. This land was chosen by an agricultural expert. There was a large old house, the Arthur Mansion, with a few outbuildings.

In the Interior Department this new division of subsistence homesteads had just been set up. Some young architects went to live in the Arthur Mansion. They had nothing to guide them; they had to make surveys of the land, and decisions as to how it should be divided, where roads should go; and over and above all hovered the thought of the families living near by in dire distress. In the haste of those first few weeks it was decided that fifty portable houses, of a type which had stood the climate of Labrador, might be used. Lists of applicants were already available. These were gone over with care, and the families accepted who apparently had some slight knowledge of how to live in a rural community. The number of applicants far exceeded the number who could be accommodated. The sense of the need for haste was very great.

These unemployed men were put to work at building cellars for the houses. But difficulties soon appeared, as they do in every project of this kind. Land had to be drained which they had not expected to have to drain, and draining is fairly costly. The winter of this hill country also made work extremely slow and meant heavy losses. The houses, when they came, were not entirely suitable. Changes were difficult and yet vital if these people were to be accommodated and made happy.

The administrative personnel in the Interior Department in Washington, as well as in the field, had not shaken down as yet, nor become a well rounded organization. This first experiment, like all experiments, was proving far more costly than had been planned. In spite of it all, however, these houses were built, and they had cellars and barns, and at last fifty families moved in. The Arthur Mansion was still there, and a community center was achieved by the purchase of an old church for $100, which was moved near a group of old apple trees. Two old barns were whitewashed and were used as shops. More shops and storerooms were built under the church, with the necessary heating equipment. Across the square were two stone buildings, one a forge with a show window to exhibit the work, the other the project manager's office and the administration building.

Work was started in the autumn of 1933, and early in the summer of 1934 the first fifty families moved in. In the autumn of 1934 the school opened, housed in the mansion and in the community center, while a temporary building was erected for a nursery school. Thirty more families have now moved in, making eighty, with about 250 children in school.

Though at first five acres were allotted to each family, it was decided that this was too much acreage for a man to cultivate while holding a job elsewhere. In this particular homestead it was felt it would be advisable to try to combine subsistence farming with one or more industries, so the acreage was cut down to three acres and in some cases to two and a half.

The number of families eventually to be housed was raised from 100 to about 200. The property adjoins the railroad and is easily accessible over good roads. The first factory, to employ fifty people, is now being built near the railroad line. The hope is that at least one member of every family will earn in the factories at least $500 a year. On their land they will raise a good part of what the family needs for food.

We have to remember that all homesteaders were on relief. The Jones family was eight in number. The father had been a mine loader, and from August, 1932, to August, 1933, he earned on FERA work $201.60;

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that means that eight people were supported on $16.80 a month. They paid five dollars a month for rent. Their whole source of income was from the government.

Now let us turn to their first year at Arthurdale. They have one of the original lots, which runs a trifle over five acres and cost $262.60. They have a house with a living room, kitchen, bathroom, and two nice bedrooms. In the big cellar basement the father and the boys have a shop and there is storage space for canned goods, a furnace room, and a coalbin.

They have planted some fruit trees, they have a barn and chicken house, which means that they have a cow and some chickens. The buildings are worth $4,289.50. They actually moved in in June of 1934, but they had already started their garden and farm operations. The vegetables and other foodstuffs raised this first year represented $84.70, their crops $10.70, stock $14, and machinery $12, household equipment $150.

The head of the family has worked as a toolroom attendant and has received from $79.20 to approximately $105 a month. The other members of the family have picked up small sums, from three to five dollars a month.

Out of this they paid their rent of $19.42 a month. Their electricity, coal, groceries, clothing, insurance, school lunches, club dues, a down payment on the school bus which is being bought by the school, and a monthly installment payment on a washing machine, amount to $91. For the month of January, when their income was the highest, these were the expenses, so their budget has approximately balanced, with a little to spare.

The doctor says that when these children were first examined they had suffered definitely from long undernourishment, and that already in February, 1935, they showed great improvement due to living under better conditions.

THIS man has a high income because of being in a responsible position, but the skilled laborer can earn even a little bit more than this, and the unskilled laborer earns on an average $88 a month.

However, it can be said that these people are still being supported by their government. They are costing more than they did on direct dole, but the difference is that now they are paying back in small installments the investment put into the land and houses. Without question, it is going to be possible to attract industries into these homesteads where they have an opportunity to get steady workers whom they can train easily. The greatest value for the future is that these people and their children will get back to normal healthy bodies and normal healthy minds. That cannot be measured in dollars and cents, but will probably mean more in cash return to the country in the future than any of us now realizes.

Even more important than what each individual can do for himself is the idea of what they can accomplish for each other. Some one may be employed to run a community dairy and piggery. Some things, such as corn, will undoubtedly be grown on community fields. The idea of community activity for the good of all has grown largely through the influence of the school.

The school has 246 pupils, all children of the homesteaders, and it is run by Miss Elsie Clapp, who has degrees from Vassar, Barnard, and Columbia—but more important than her degrees is her understanding. This school is supported in part by the county and in part by outsiders who see an opportunity to develop through experiment a new method of education.

The nursery school is the first in that vicinity in connection with a rural school. Not only are the children from three to five years old taken off their mothers' hands and given regular care, but the mothers come to understand what is good for the child. Miss Clapp remarked to me: "If I can teach these mothers that cold pancakes and coffee aren't good for babies, my two-year-olds will be much healthier."

ADULT education is also going on in the evening classes for young men and women, and these classrooms and shops seem to be idle very few hours of the day or evening.

The pioneer log cabin has become a place for history and dramatic work. The youngsters act out the early pioneer days, and are making many of the things which were used in pioneer days to furnish their cabin.

As I look back, I think of the men whom I first met at a homesteaders' meeting, and then of the men and their wives whom I met a year and three months later, busily planning for a Christmas festival. Money was scarce, but there was enough to eat, and the greatest change had come in the spirit of trust in each other and the growing sense of individual security. They can make payments on their homes, and they are proud of them. They are getting ahead.

They want certain changes—better schools, wider opportunities. They want a better way of life, and I think they are going to get it.

Is this not typical of our American spirit?

Arthurdale has cost the government money, more perhaps than it should have, but I wonder how many inventions and experiments developed by industry and science do not cost money before the returns come in.

I doubt if any one can go there with an open mind and spend a day, or a day and night, and not come away feeling that if we could multiply such communities and make them successful, even on a basis far below the ultimate goal, we would have a degree of contentment and well-being which has never been the lot of many people in our land.

THE END

IS IT EVER TOO LATE?

The Story of a Dangerous Legacy

by MABEL McELLIOTT CLARKE

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

THE letter had come in February. Molly Kendrick, who did not see Susan Blakeslee more often than twice a year, had wept over it a little. Susan, who had been in her youth so beautiful and desired and sought after, was now alone. In her middle fifties she was childless and a widow; she seemed to Molly, ten years younger, singularly pathetic.

Susan had written: "I have no one to look after my personal affairs in the event of my death. Will you, Molly darling, for old times' sake, do this for me? The bank can take care of the estate, but what about my personal things—clothes, jewels, books? I cannot bear to think of strangers going through all these. Of all my friends, I can think only of you who might be kind enough to do this for me." Molly had stopped at that point, the easy generous tears of a quickly evoked sympathy flowing freely down her pretty cheeks.

It was true, she had not always liked Susan; but this—this truth was dreadful!

She had written back at once to say that of course she would do as Susan asked. She had added something light about the probability of her (Susan's) dancing at Molly's own funeral. And they had had luncheon together very soon afterward, an occasion on which Susan, slim, alert, and gray-haired, with charmingly rouged thin cheeks, had been properly offhand about the whole affair.

February—that had been. It was May now. And Susan, horrified, saw the notice in the paper:

BLAKESLEE, SUSAN WILLARTON—Suddenly, on May 24, at Aiken, S. C. . . .

She had not been able to read further. Across the table Joe Kendrick had set down his cup of coffee to stare at her.

"What on earth's the matter?"

Joe hadn't wanted her to agree to Susan's request: he had been impatient about the whole affair. Now he would have to admit he had been wrong—that Susan hadn't in the least been making a bid for sympathy, as he had hardily suggested. And Joe had seemed to like Susan in the past, too. At one time, long ago, Molly remembered with slight contempt for her own silliness, she had been jealous of Susan.

She gave him the paper. Joe Kendrick's ruddy face grew a half shade ruddier. He could not seem to find any adequate words for the situation (men, Molly reflected, so seldom could!) but he patted Molly on the shoulder and advised her to buck up.

A week later Molly went, on appointment with Susan's lawyer, to the apartment. Susan had had beautiful clothes—exquisite jewels. Molly kept reminding herself, quite sensibly, that she had Susan's list. Furs to this one—a diamond bracelet to that.

She was very tired at the end of that first afternoon. Susan's former maid, an elderly Belgian woman named Violet, helped her. Going through the jewel boxes, Molly was reminded of a good many things. When she had been married to Joe, twenty years back, Susan had worn that diamond hair ornament at the wedding. It was a year later, Molly mused, putting the bauble into its box, that she had quarreled with Joe about Susan. . . . Funny, she hadn't thought of it in years! They had been at some big dance. Joe had disappeared for a time, and Susan too, and Molly, in a foolish jealous bride's way, had been convinced they were together. What nonsense it had been! But how she had suffered!

Well, that was all past. She *had* been a fool, and now Susan was gone forever. How strange life was!

Violet, hunching her thin shoulders forward, brought Molly a Russia-leather box.

"And 'ow about these, madame?"

Molly, tranced in her memories, lifted the letters idly. This was handwriting that she knew. . . .

My Darling [said Joe's handwriting]:

After last night I wonder how to go on with my life without you. If it were not for hurting M. cruelly, we might try life some place together. She is young, you say, and will forget. But I can't be sure of this. Besides, there is going to be a child. I have just learned this. Can you meet me for lunch at . . .

The paper was torn here, the signature was missing. But Molly knew.

"Madame wishes—"

"We—we'll burn these," said Molly, feeling chilled all over and shivery, and yet as though a fire burned within her.

When Joe came to call for her at five, he stared at her oddly.

"Tired?"

"Yes."

A child. Yes, there had been a child. Ellen had been born the year after the date of the letter.

"Rotten trick to put you through," grumbled Joe. "Come along, old lady."

She clung to him. If she told him now the rest of their life together would be spoiled—poisoned. Maybe Susan had wanted just that. Maybe she had left the letter on top of the pack on purpose.

"Something upset you?" Joe asked.

Molly shook her head. She'd never know whether Susan had wanted her to know or not. It was a bitter pill to swallow, knowing, but she would keep the face of their life together smooth in spite of it. Susan was dead. She, Molly Kendrick, had won, no matter how you looked at it.

THE END

UNCLE SAM'S Chicken

A Story of Murder on Wings—of a Man's Faith, an Eagle's Courage, and a Pirate of the Sky

Olney saw him turn almost on his back and meet the attack with beak and claw.

by PAUL

READING TIME • 19 MINUTES 32 SECONDS

AS long as Jim Olney could remember there had been a pair of bald eagles nesting on Thunderhead, the great crag that rose a mile above the Olney home. Jim's memory went back for nearly forty years and his father's memory of the spot covered twenty more. The great nest just below the aerie was fully five feet high and more than six feet wide. It had been built and rebuilt again and again, its foundation bleached by sun and rain of seventy years. It had been the Olney family that first discovered it, and through long association men had come to look upon them as the owners and protectors of the aerie.

So it was that when the town of Kelso went gunning for Old Baldy, the present occupant of the aerie, Jim Olney demanded the right to disprove the guilt of his tenant, and got it in spite of the objections of Matt Baird. What the Olneys said usually carried a long way through the forested hills of the region.

This summer for the first time in thirteen years there was but a single eagle on Thunderhead. In early spring, just after the eggs of the eagle pair had hatched, Matt Baird, an upland neighbor of Olney's, had shot down the female bird for suspected lamb killing. Four lambs and many chickens and ducks had been killed in the vicinity in the past month and there was little doubt but that the killings had been done by birds. Therefore, besides losing his mate, Old Baldy had the guns of the settlement folk at Kelso to make it harder for him. The long truce that had existed between the eagle and the townsfolk was at an end.

Still, Jim Olney was certain in his own mind that the old baldhead was innocent of these killings. He knew eagles, and he had taken up the case of his old friend much as a lawyer might take up the case of an accused man. Olney knew that bald eagles, despite their size and strength, rarely take to killing. Great hunger or the demands of their young might at rare intervals drive them to it, but their nature is not rapacious. Their instincts are vulturine but pacific. Had the men who proudly proclaimed the bald eagle our national emblem been naturalists instead of idealists, they would have pictured a fish in his talons instead of Jove's thunderbolt.

"Take a good look at that bird," he ordered Turner.

A N N I X T E R

ILLUSTRATION BY
CARL LINK

From the first Matt Baird, who had lost two lambs, had been Olney's chief handicap.

"You've made claim them eagles on Thunderhead are yourn—on your land," Baird had challenged him in town one day, a bit overtaken by liquor, as was his usual state. "It's up to you to do your provin', and when you've done that you've proved you owe me two lambs!"

"I said nothing about owning," Olney told him, "but I don't think that eagle did the killing and I want the chance to prove it."

"No man nowhere can own wild critters, s'I," pursued Baird belligerently. "But if he kin he's laid li'ble for their killin', an' I fer one want the price o' my lambs."

"You've already done for the she eagle," Olney said. "The man that kills that old whitehead without fair proof he's a lamb killer is going to answer to me." Olney had surprised himself at his sudden heat on the matter. "He's never killed so much as a pullet that I know of as long as he's nested on Thunderhead."

"Birds killed my lambs," persisted Matt Baird. "Only yest'day my boy seen a eagle over the back pasture. You do your provin' before next Sunday, 'cause I aim to go gunnin' up on the crags soon as meetin's over."

And so all week Olney had watched the eagle daily from a blind built of brush and rock eight hundred feet below the aerie. From this vantage point he sought to find some manner of circumstantial evidence on or about the aerie which would definitely condemn the old baldhead, or exonerate him, before the guns of the settlement folk exacted a penalty. All he had found so far, however, had been fish bones. . . .

Not long after Olney had taken his position in the blind this afternoon, Old Baldy came in to the aerie from one of his fishing trips. A sudden harsh cry of *kek-kek-kek,* startlingly like the laughter of a crazed person, rose from the nest. The two eaglets were yelling in fierce anticipation as the father drew near. Baldy dropped a good-sized pickerel into the nest and came to rest on a near-by rock. In less than three minutes the youngsters had finished the offering Baldy had brought and were craning for more. Sitting half erect in the cup of the nest, their high-shouldered wings half raised, they eyed their sire with yellow undaunted eyes at once imperious and faintly accusing. The period of helplessness of

eagle's brood is in proportion to their century span of life and lasts many weeks, long after they look as large and well feathered as their parents. So Baldy had to forage thrice as hard, from sunup till dark, to keep his establishment going.

He was an old bird and the agility and effort of catching live fish was no longer to his liking. Gone were the easy days when an hour's hunting would fill him to repletion, leaving him free to drowse in the warm afternoon sun with a film drawn over his arrogant eyes. No naps for Baldy these days. Often and often he was torn with rancor at effort spent in vain, at having a fish elude his stoop in the final split second, leaving him with nothing but a ducking for his royal pains, or at missing a chance entirely because he was lost in grieving sadness over his mate. He missed her terribly in his tragic dumb way and kept looking for her in high sky.

Presently the outcries of the young ones got too much for him and he lifted into the air to go try for another one.

Olney from his cover could plainly hear the hiss of air through the stiff flight feathers as the big bird took a long tack over the river, banked, and came in again on a long slide toward the north. In less than five minutes, climbing in steep spirals, the eagle was but a tiny sculptured form against a bank of cumulus more than a mile high, where he hung for a time, swinging in majestic effortless circles without so much as a wing beat.

Olney would have hesitated to confess to any one what wonder and beauty to him that high flight of Baldy's had lent to the mountain uplands through the years. Times beyond number, when oppressed or disgruntled, life had regained its normal tenor for Olney through watching the challenging forms of Baldy and his mate weaving spells above hill and river. He was going to miss the old eagle mightily if the townsfolk persisted in their petty plan of vengeance. And if they shot the sire, the fledglings would never survive.

Perhaps Olney was merely superstitious, but it seemed to him that the American eagle was on trial in the heart and thought of the countryside, and if Baldy were killed it would bode no good for the land. Olney alone of the community was mystic enough at heart to appreciate the drama of Baldy's long and incessant battle to live and propagate his kind. It was not a struggle against the wilderness and its creatures, but against men, the very Americans who had his form carved upon their nation's shield and upon their money. There was irony for him in the fact that the commonest sparrow and even the killer shrike could live in safety under any one's eaves, but for more than a century men had done their utmost to exterminate the eagle from the earth, not only with the rifle but with the far deadlier warfare of food blockade. They had fished the streams all but empty of the food on which eagles live, inadvertently turning the great birds to slaughter and then pronouncing death upon them for it.

BALDY'S soaring had taken him far from the river by now, and Olney began to wonder if some bigger game than fish was calling. Then he heard the infinitely harsh and melancholy scream of the old whitehead whip earthward and seemed to read behind the cry.

"Looking for *her* again," he thought. He remained in his covert until the silhouette of the eagle had faded to a mere speck against the sky, knowing that those yellow-black eyes of Baldy's could see him miles farther than his own sight could follow the eagle, even with the aid of a telescope.

Presently he stood up and climbed slowly toward the aerie along a rocky way he had maneuvered countless times since boyhood. Soon he was beside the nest. Nothing of terror in the mien of the two eaglets at sight of the man. They faced him bolt upright with broken yelping cries and snapping beaks and unflinching tameless stares. In the face of their challenge, Olney had a laughable feeling that they took him for some oversized and not quite negotiable fish worthy of nothing but contempt. He did not bother them long. He was merely seeking some bit of overlooked evidence to aid him; but, as before, he found nothing. . . .

Like Olney, Old Baldy was thinking it all out that afternoon as he rode the chill wind at the eighteen-thousand-foot level. Up there he seemed connected by a thousand invisible strands to every part of his far-flung kingdom below. It was there that the yearning for his mate would drive him, for somehow the icy winds that hissed through his ragged wing tips brought him a breath of those far northern nesting grounds where first they had met, renewing the old call to journey northward to the great Barren Grounds. In some dim way it seemed to him that his mate might be waiting there and he would have gone a dozen times, "following the path of the swans," but for the responsibility of the growing youngsters in the nest. From high sky he saw his distant kinsmen, the ospreys, who lived farther downriver, at their fishing, and presently he checked his cry of desolation and planed downward bent on highjacking pickerel.

His kinsmen did not disappoint him. He saw the male bird dive, cut the water like a feathered dart, and come up with a silvery wriggling prize. Then Baldy folded his six-foot vanes, bunched his yellow feet close under him, drew the wind film over his fixed unwinking eyes, and went hissing earthward at anything you care to imagine over one hundred and fifty miles an hour.

COUSIN OSPREY, who looked like a miserly old man and had a nature to match his appearance, heard that high hissing of air from four hundred feet above the forest, heard his mate's yelp of warning, and did the things that fear and love of life had taught his kind a thousand years ago: he released the fish from meat-hook talons, hurtling himself forward and upward with a falsetto squawk of importunity. And one instant later the eagle went hissing by beneath him with a rush of wind that almost sucked the osprey down an air spout. The falling pickerel, still alive, was seized an instant after it had plopped in the tall reeds by the river bank, clenched in talons four times the size of the osprey's, and with a slow and unimpassioned soughing of vast pinions the eagle climbed slowly into the wind again.

Just as he gained the top of the river gorge, a rifle spat wickedly from the hemlock wood below him. Some unseen menace sang close beneath him, and he jerked sharply into the air, dropping his hard-won catch as two long flight feathers were clipped from his right wing.

Matt Baird's son, crossing the high pasture, had been unable to resist the temptation to bring down the male eagle as it suddenly loomed above the gulf of the river.

So even the high wooded hills were unsafe now for Baldy. Guns were not new to him, but never before had he needed to flee them near his old familiar nesting place. It was all part of the unreckonable peril that forever surrounded the habitats of men, the thing that had robbed him of his mate that spring, as well as another mate nearly a quarter of a century before. Baldy could neither understand nor combat this thing, but as he shot upward in short angry circles he uttered scream on scream of rage and consternation that made the piled cliffs ring.

The Baird boy did not see the dark outline of another great bird nearly a mile above, which suddenly ceased its rapid descent at sound of his shot and veered away to westward like a trim black Fokker against the blue-enamel sky. But Old Baldy had seen him, and so had Jim Olney, crossing the high ridge above his farm. It was quite patent to Olney that Baldy hoped at first that the other bird might be his mate. With a wild cry of *see-iou* many times repeated, Baldy went hurtling up the sky in pursuit as if mounting some steep and invisible stairway of the air. Olney saw him gaining momentarily upon the stranger, but his importunate cries went unanswered, and the other bird, abruptly putting on a burst of speed, shot downward toward the river and disappeared in a far stretch of forest.

It was nearly half an hour later when Baldy came winging back, alone and disconsolate in the last of the light. Olney watched as he perched like a graven figure on his high watchtower, bathed in the last gold of the dying sun, mourning doubtless, and oblivious for once to the lusty squabbling of the nestlings. The sight of the stranger eagle had set Olney thinking—given him a clue as to a possible solution of those raids of the past months.

He could not be certain, but he believed that a golden eagle from the mountains to the west had invaded Baldy's domain. That the stranger was all too familiar with men and guns was plain enough, and Olney had heard tales of the fierce carnivorous habits of these Western eagles and knew how closely they resembled the female bald eagle, which has not the white head of the male. It was this, the chances were, that accounted for Baldy's mate being shot as a killer. If the stranger had been sighted by farmers before this, he had doubtless been taken for Baldy's mate or another female bald eagle.

But how Olney was to prove his suspicion left him in a quandary. Useless to tell Matt Baird and his kind without proof. He could hear their laughter.

Two days passed and only once did he glimpse the stranger bird again in high sky, too far away even to prove the point to himself. But he heard another tale which helped to verify his former deductions. Two turkey gobblers had been killed by an eagle on the Greer farm. The alien was wary and did his reconnoitering from the clouds. His killing was probably done in early dawn or dusk.

SATURDAY came and found Olney with an actual weight on his heart. He could not have explained the depth of his concern to any one, but it was much more than the fact that the old eagle had the same right as any man to live and perpetuate his kind, or that he had chosen to nest on Olney's land. It was pure presentiment, though vague. If the town was so blind, and Matt Baird and his boy were successful in their gunning on Thunderhead Sunday, Olney's faith would be rocked in what the American eagle stood for in this pivotal time in the nation's history. "Uncle Sam's chicken" was being put to the test.

That afternoon Olney, still in search of proof for his theory, cut across country in the direction of Pelham Woods. He took his powerful binocular with him on the chance of sighting again the golden eagle. On the way he ran into Lon Turner, one of the village Nimrods, dawdling along with his gun on the edge of Olney's farm. Olney had an idea of where he had been.

"Out to Baird's place?" he asked.

"I was just goin' over there," said Turner. "See if Baird's killed him that eagle yet. I was with him when he killed the other one. We both fired together. Baird says he brung it down. I allus figured it was me."

"I'll go along with you," said Olney.

A few minutes later, as they cut down a brush-grown swale, Turner wheeled sharply with lifted gun as a flock of ruffled grouse went whirring up over the brow of the next hill. He was about to chance a long shot when Olney's hand depressed his gun barrel and pulled the other down into the grass.

"Wait," he said, "and I'll show

DID YOU EVER TAKE AN INTERNAL BATH?

This may seem a strange question. But if you want to magnify your energy—sharpen your brain to razor edge—put a glorious sparkle in your eye—pull yourself up to a health level where you can glory in vitality—you're going to read this message to the last line.

What Users Think of J. B. L. Cascade

Marvelous Results in Short Time: I received my J. B. L. Cascade March 12th and started using it exactly according to your directions. The results are marvelous for so short a time and I am anticipating much for the future through using it.

Six days after using it I visited my doctor and the nurse who has given me, to be exact, 131 colonic irrigations during the past three and one-half years. They were very surprised and delighted at my condition and appearance. It was the first time they had seen me without being bloated. The nurse said my intestines were in better condition than she had seen them since my last surgery. My whole family are so happy about it.

I had my surgery and take my colonics in Wichita, which is 96 miles from Salina, so you can imagine what a relief it will be, with the help of the Cascade, to discontinue those trips. Then, too, the last three months my intestines were worse each trip and I did not seem to get relief from the colonics as I did at first. We realized that each ten days was not often enough but I felt I had neither the strength nor the money to go oftener. Now, with the Cascade, I can use it as often as I feel the need of it.

Several of my friends have asked me if I am not feeling better of late, stating that my color is better and I don't seem so tired out. I do feel better. It is such a wonderful relief to not be so bloated all the time.

I just wish it were possible for every one who has bowel trouble to have a Cascade.

Sincerely yours,
Alma .....
(*Name furnished upon request*)
(March 21, 1935),
Salina, Kans.

Feels Like a Different Woman: I received my J. B. L. on Oct. 8th of this year, and started using it that night. I felt better the next day.

But today I feel like a different woman—no more dizzy spells—no more headaches and no pain down the back of my head and neck. I have also lost those ugly black circles I have had under my eyes for years.

When I ordered my J. B. L. I weighed 103 lbs. Today I weigh 118 lbs. and gaining rapidly.

I have a good appetite now and enjoy what I eat and I give J. B. L. all the credit.

Believe me I will gladly tell everyone I know who are suffering from toxic poisoning about the J. B. L.

You may use my letter if you wish.

Yours truly,
(Signed) MABEL SIMONSON,
(Dec. 14, 1934),
Grace, Idaho.

87 Years Young: Have used the Cascade for about twelve years. I am in perfect health. Do not need to use the Cascade now as my bowels are just like a young person's. Am now young at 87. The J. B. L. Cascade has done the job. Of course I did not use it haphazardly. I used it every day all these years. Now I have my reward.

JAMES NESBITT,
(June 4, 1934),
Schoolcraft, Michigan.

Ends 20 Years of Suffering: Your J. B. L. Treatment is a wonderful treatment—my case is a living man 73 years old, very active, stout and hearty, after 20 years of torture and suffering. Refer anybody to me about the J. B. L. Cascade.

F. M. BROWN,
(June 1, 1934),
249 N. Main St., Harrisonburg, Va.

What Is an Internal Bath?

Some understand an internal bath to be an enema. Others take it to be some new-fangled laxative. Both are wrong. A real, genuine true internal bath is no more like an enema than a kite is like an airplane. The only similarity is the employment of water in each case.

A bona-fide internal bath is the administration into the intestinal tract of pure, warm water, Tyrrellized by a marvelous cleansing tonic. The appliance that holds the liquid and injects it is the J.B.L. Cascade, the invention of that eminent physician, Dr. Charles A. Tyrrell, who perfected it to save his own life. Now, here's where the genuine internal bath differs radically from the enema.

The lower intestine, called by the great Professor Foges of Vienna "the most prolific source of disease," is five feet long and shaped like an inverted U—thus ∩. The enema cleanses but a third of this "horseshoe," or to the first bend. The J.B.L. Cascade treatment cleanses it the entire length—and does it effectively. You have only to read that booklet "Why We Should Bathe Internally" to fully understand how the Cascade does it—without pain or discomfort.

Why Take an Internal Bath?

Here is why: The intestinal tract is the waste canal of the body. Due to our soft foods, lack of vigorous exercise, and highly artificial civilization, a large percentage of persons suffer from intestinal stasis (delay). The passage of waste is entirely too slow. Result: Germs and poison breed in this waste and enter the blood through the blood vessels in the intestinal walls.

These poisons are extremely insidious, and may be an important contributing cause to the headaches you get—the skin blemishes—the fatigue—the mental sluggishness—and susceptibility to colds—and countless other ills. They may also be an important factor in the cause of premature old age, rheumatism, high blood pressure, and many serious maladies. Thus it is imperative that your system be free of these poisons, and internal bathing is an effective means. In fifteen minutes it flushes the intestinal tract of impurities—quick hygienic action. And each treatment tends to strengthen the intestinal muscles so the passage of waste is hastened.

Immediate Benefits

Taken just before retiring you will sleep like a child. You will rise with a vigor that is bubbling over. Your whole attitude toward life will be changed. All clouds will be laden with silver, you will feel rejuvenated—remade. That is the experience of thousands of men and women who faithfully practice the wonderful inner cleanliness. Just one internal bath a week to regain and hold glorious, vibrant health! To toss off the mantle of age, nervousness, and dull care! To fortify you against epidemics, colds, etc.

Is that fifteen minutes worth while?

Send for This Booklet

It is entirely FREE. We are absolutely convinced that you will agree you never used a three-cent stamp to better advantage. There are letters from many who achieve results that seem miraculous. As an eye-opener on health, this booklet is worth many, many, many times the price of that stamp. Use the convenient coupon below or address the Tyrrell's Hygienic Institute, Inc., Dept. L8-31, 152 W. 65th St., New York City—NOW!

----TEAR OFF AND MAIL AT ONCE----

Tyrrell's Hygienic Institute, Inc.
152 West 65th St., Dept. L8-31, New York, N. Y.

Send me without cost or obligation, your illustrated booklet on intestinal ills and the proper use of the famous Internal Bath—"Why We Should Bathe Internally."

Name.....

Street.....

City.....State.....

you something about eagles you never heard of."

A moment before Olney had glimpsed the golden eagle as it shot into view only a few hundred feet above a distant hill—saw how the bird swerved toward the grouse, its momentum increasing until it was overhauling them with the speed of a meteor. The grouse swerved desperately back toward the safety of the brush; but before they had made it, the eagle, three hundred feet above the highest bird, half-closed its wings, spread its tail like a fan, and, with beak and talons thrust forward, plunged earthward. He struck his prey full on the back where the neck joined the body, a blow that was plainly audible to both men a hundred yards away. The grouse dropped earthward, followed by a cloud of feathers, dead before it touched the ground, and the killer, veering sharply, shot down to retrieve it in the tall grass.

Olney was on fire at the bit of luck. "Take a good look at that bird," he ordered Turner, handing him the glass as the eagle mounted upward over the river. "Ever seen an eagle around these parts do a stunt like that?"

"No," admitted Turner.

"And you never will," Olney told him. "That's no bald eagle. It's a golden eagle from the West and it's him that's been doing the killing around here. I've known it for a week, but how to make the town believe it is another matter. But anyway you saw it, and you can tell Matt Baird that you've seen the real killer today," he ran on persuasively. But Turner apparently was not listening. Abruptly he seized Olney's arm and pointed.

"Look there, over by Thunderhead. It's that old bald eagle. He's comin' tongue-full-trigger, and it's the other eagle he's after! Whoppy! It's gonna be a fight!"

Now Olney too could see the form of Old Baldy, no bigger than a butterfly at first, a feathered spearhead shooting directly down toward the pirate. He seized the glass from Turner. He knew eagle warfare—knew that he was about to witness either the death or the self-vindication of the bird he had championed. . . .

Half a dozen times during the past few days Old Baldy had seen the stranger eagle on his high aerial patrols. He had learned from his first encounter that the newcomer was not of his own kind; yet, urged on by the loneliness and discontent that had ridden him since the loss of his mate, he never failed to pursue on sight the dark-colored bird which looked so startlingly like his spouse against the sky. It was loneliness that impelled him, a desire for the companionship of his kind, and always in him there flickered the vague hope that he would come upon his mate.

BUT always he was greeted with an angry scream from the golden stranger, which was plainly a warning and defiance. Imperious though he was, Baldy had as yet felt no impulse to do battle. The alien's stronghold was far up the river, and loss and loneliness were still far stronger than pugnacity in the old baldhead. But on this Saturday, watching from cloudy heights, he had seen the newcomer making a kill but a hundred yards from his own aerie. Too close by far. Half-folding his wings, he plunged earthward, sounding intermittent screams of anger and challenge.

The stranger had seen him coming from high sky, but not until he was a few hundred feet above him did he drop his prey with an angry yelp and bank sharply to meet the attack. His swerve brought him back over the brush-grown swale; and it was then, just before the battle was joined, that Olney through his glass had the satisfaction of seeing his theory proved. He could plainly make out, as the pirate veered up into the wind, the tawny golden neck and cowl, the dark lateral band on the tail, and the swashbuckling russet-colored chaps, feathered clear to the feet, which mark the Western mountain eagle from all others of his race. He passed the binocular to Turner, who lay beside him in the brush, for verification.

Not until he was five hundred feet above the river did Baldy check his suicidal plunge, swerve for an instant, then come in with outthrust talons; and it was there that the watchers first heard his scream of challenge. The golden eagle, thoroughly aroused and angry, made no attempt at flight. Olney saw him swerve adroitly the instant before the clash, turn almost on his back, and meet the attack with beak and claw. They came together with an impact that sent feathers eddying, grappled for an instant with rending beaks, forgetting even their wingmanship. For a space they fell swiftly, locked in a close embrace. A hundred feet above the river they suddenly broke apart as with mutual impulse, and this time the golden eagle pressed the attack, mounting into the air and whipping downward at Baldy like a flung barb from above and behind.

It seemed Baldy must surely be annihilated, but the old baldhead flicked magically sidewise with a razorlike slice of the pinions to meet the impact breast to breast. Again both were so perfectly matched as to avoid a death hold. Again they fell, striking, parrying, churning the air with soughing pinions, to catch themselves and fling apart like duelists just above the ground.

PAUL ANNIXTER

collaborated on and off for eight years with Will Levington Comfort. During this time they sold twenty-two stories, novelettes, and serials. Prior to 1923 Mr. Annixter wrote numerous Western scenarios for the movies. He has always been an ardent hunter.

THEY swept upward then, seeking altitude and distance for the play of their weapons, having taken full stock of each other. The affair had gone too far for the withdrawal of either bird. Olney knew the fierce hot blood that ran in their veins. The fight would end in the death of one or both.

It was the golden eagle that outdistanced the bald in that race for striking altitude. Some two hundred feet above his adversary, he crouched a moment in the lap of the wind, then with sudden ringing scream came shooting downward. This time Baldy met him squarely on the chance that his rage-driven beak and talons might find a grip that would end it. He gained his grip, but so did the stranger, the talons of both birds closing desperately in the recurved grip from which an eagle can only with difficulty extricate himself.

Together they plunged earthward in dizzy gyres, their locked holds unbroken even after they had plunged into a thicket but two hundred feet from the men watching them.

Ensued a full minute of violent flapping commotion which neither watcher could see. At the end of it only one bird lifted into the air—Old Baldy. On tattered heavy wings he circled twice above the spot, ready to pounce again if necessary, then beat rapidly homeward, doubtless to see how the youngsters were getting on.

Olney, his pulse still racing at the thrill of the spectacle, hurried to the vanquished bird, eager to see just how he had met his end. The evidence was plain. One of Baldy's ridged oversize talons had closed upon the golden eagle's head, the scimitar claws clenching and piercing the brain.

Olney picked up the fallen warrior and, with Turner chattering beside him, carried it down to Matt Baird's place.

"There's your murderer," he said when Baird came out. "A golden eagle from the mountains to the west. Old Baldy saved us the trouble of shooting him."

"Think he's the one, eh?" said Baird.

"I know it, and it'll be easy enough to prove. You leave Baldy alone for another two weeks, Baird, and if there's any more farm killing in that time I'll have nothing to say again about hunting on Thunderhead, and I'll pay you for your lambs besides."

"I'll take you up on that," Baird said.

Olney knew he had won the point that had meant so much to him. There would be no eagle hunt on Thunderhead next day, or next month either.

Possibly it was pure imagination that a subtle far-reaching victory had been won. Yet Olney seemed already to feel renewed faith, as if those unseen powers of adversity which had beset the country were drawing back in grave defeat.

THE END

SEVENTH WEEK!

$2,000

CASH PRIZE

GAME OF MOVIE STARS

KEEP YOUR ENTRY UP TO DATE!

DRAWING NO. 13

NAME OF PLAYER.....

FIRST PRIZE	$500
SECOND PRIZE	200
THIRD PRIZE	100
TWENTY PRIZES, Each $10	200
200 PRIZES, Each $5	1,000

THE RULES

1. Each week for ten weeks Liberty will publish two drawings each of which will indicate, suggest, or reveal the first and last names of a prominent motion-picture player.
2. To compete, clip or trace each drawing and underneath write the name of the motion-picture player it reveals to you.
3. When you have a complete set of twenty drawings named, write a statement of not more than seventy-five words explaining which among the players you have named is your favorite and why.
4. The entry with the greatest number of correct names accompanied by the best statement of preference rated on the basis of clarity and interest will be judged the best. All prizes will be awarded on this basis. In case of ties, duplicate awards will be paid.
5. All entries must be received on or before Wednesday, October 2, 1935, the closing date of this contest. No entries will be returned. Simplicity is best.
6. Submit all entries by first-class mail to GAME OF MOVIE STARS, Liberty Magazine, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y. Make sure your name and address are plainly marked.

DRAWING NO. 14

NAME OF PLAYER.....

SEE THE GAME THROUGH— YOU MAY BE A WINNER

DRAWINGS 13 and 14 challenge your skill this week in the Game of Movie Stars. You may solve both at a glance. On the other hand, one or the other of the pictures may cause you a bit of difficulty. But do not give up. The names are right there awaiting discovery. A little perseverance and analysis will do the trick for almost any one. If need be, call a conference of your family or friends and get a general opinion on the accuracy of your search. Perhaps some of them are playing the game also. In that case you will be interested to see who makes the best score when the results are announced. Make sure that all of your answers are safely filed pending the completion of your set.

DRAWINGS 15 AND 16 IN THIS SERIES WILL APPEAR NEXT WEEK

Afraid to Marry

READING TIME ● 33 MINUTES 7 SECONDS

FOR years the family has not been all together in the old farmhouse, and Matthew and Bella Belden decide to invite Genevieve, their daughter, and her husband Jim, and Martin, their son, and his new wife, Mitty, up from New York City to celebrate Martin's birthday in April. Staying at home with their parents are another daughter, Anna, and her little girl, Delpha, forsaken by husband and father, and Billy, nineteen, youngest of the Belden children.

The invitation is dispatched, with the ultimatum of no refusal possible; for mother and father Belden are most anxious to meet Mitty, whom Martin has never brought home to introduce to them. Why, his mother especially would like to know.

If her curiosity were satisfied to the full, Bella Belden would have been terribly shocked; for the gay and very beautiful Mitty, an ambitious young actress, has steadily refused to marry Martin, though she lives with him.

Even with his father's letter in his hand, and again eloquently persuading her to marry him, Mitty is deaf to Martin's plea and says she won't go home with him. Martin insists she must go with him, and finally Mitty yields that point.

But before they leave for the homestead at Kittyclaw they attend a riotous party given by La Porte, the theatrical producer, who promises Mitty a fat part in his next show; and from La Porte's the crowd barges into the apartment—called the "tower"—of a flashy fellow called Penny Ratcliff, who proclaims his latest desire is to own a farm.

Knowing that his father must sell his place, Martin invites Ratcliff to go to Kittyclaw with Mitty and him. He accepts. When they arrive, Mitty falters before entering the house.

"I'm afraid, Martin," she says softly. "I'm afraid!"

PART TWO—"GOOD MORAL PEOPLE"

THE large room with the six windows, which was the gathering place for the family at Kittyclaw, was not always in such exquisite order as now. There were boughs of plum flowers on the table, and there was fire on the hearth; yet all the windows stood open to the surging sun and the tang of the April air, still spiced with cold.

The house was quiet even though Genevieve, Jim, and their little Walter had arrived noisily a short time ago.

Anna had been sitting near a window with Delpha and Walter beside her, occasionally murmuring to them. Her wine-red gown glowed in the slanting sun and her hair, gold and silver, blazed above the crimson. She was like some strong bright herald as she looked into the drive and suddenly called out:

"Here they come—here are Martin and Mitty—and some one is with them!"

"So you do not even see me," said Mitty. "I?" said Billy, astonished. "I have done nothing but see you since you came."

One Girl's Story . . . A Brilliant Short Novel of Love's Strange Ways and Life's Bewildering Conflicts

by ZONA GALE

ILLUSTRATION BY C. D. MITCHELL

Mrs. Belden ran to the door. Billy lounged over to Anna and picked up her crutches, but she said: "I think I'll wait for them here, Billy, thank you." The children rushed out, and Billy, waiting with Anna, burst into laughter.

"Mom pecked her on the cheek," he said. "Wow, what a welcome!"

MITTY entered prettily. She looked shyly about—it was that look of incomparable shyness with which she took a curtain call. She wore gray with fleeces of white Angora, and her gray hat was pulled over an eye.

"Anna," said Bella Belden, keeping smartly beside her, "this is Martin's wife, Matilda."

"How do you do, dear?" said Anna, and kissed her, and moved toward Martin, who was listening, smiling, to Genevieve, who was saying a great deal.

"Billy," said his mother, as if she were presenting her to him, "this is Matilda."

Billy looked at her and looked.

"Hello, Mitty," he said.

"Hello, Billy," said Mitty.

They both laughed a little, and Billy began to talk to her easily and about nothing.

"Well!" said Bella in two tones, and continued as Martin came to Anna: "They had somebody else with them, but your father and Jim swooped down on him and took him off over the place. What was his name—did you tell us?"

"It was Mr. Ratcliff," Mitty interrupted herself to explain. "Mr. Penny Ratcliff."

"Hasn't *anybody* a decent name any more?" Mrs. Belden said tartly.

Mitty swept off her hat, pushed back her bright hair, and looked about her.

"Martin," said Mitty obliviously, "you haven't told me half how precious your home is. It's *precious*, Martin!"

Now for the first time the not too acute ear of Bella Belden caught in Mitty's voice that touch of accent which had not been evident to her before.

"Good heavens," she demanded, "are you a foreigner, Matilda?"

Mitty smiled, and sat smiling for a moment, showing two rows of even teeth and enjoying her advantage.

"My mother," she said, "was a little French—not much. I wish it had been more. My father had some south-of-Europe blood—a very little Italian, I think—or was it Spanish?"

Mrs. Belden stared. "My land," she said, "don't you

know what you are?" She laughed a little, however, in her tight-lipped way, her false teeth gleaming evenly between her thin lips, and the moment went by pleasantly enough.

Martin, propped on the broad sill beside Anna's chair, watched Mitty.

"You see," he broke in now, "Mitty has been raised abroad, educated in two or three countries, and her accent has—some would say suffered. I find it charming."

"Perfectly charming!" Anna echoed. "I caught it at once and adored it." It was strange how, when Anna spoke, Martin's tenseness relaxed and even Mrs. Belden lowered her voice.

Mitty was smiling a little as she glanced about her.

"Your home, Martin," she said, "where you were when you were a little boy. How adorable! Have you"—she turned eagerly to Mrs. Belden—"any pictures of him when he was a little boy?"

"Oh, many!" cried Mrs. Belden just as eagerly. "I'll get them. I'll get them now. Martin, come with me."

Squeaks from the children sent Anna away to the lawn, murmuring some smiling word as she went.

When the door had closed, Mitty looked over at Billy, and let silence fall for a breath, and said:

"So you do not even see me."

"I?" said Billy, astonished. "I not see you?"

"Your brother said it. He said, 'Billy, he will not see you. Billy, he will not even know that you are in the room.' He said so."

"But I have done nothing but see you since you came into the house!"

"So! Then you are not so solitary, perhaps, as you would have one believe?"

"Solitary?"

"Your brother said you are very, very solitary. He seemed to say that you would be altogether concerned with other things. With things that are not me, you understand."

Billy laughed and said: "That must be because I'm concerned with things that are not him." It was to be seen that he was enchanting when he laughed—a quite new Billy, with life in his eyes and motion in his body.

"For example?" she asked. She was pressing her hand back over her sleeked waved hair and looking at his sleeked waving hair.

"I don't remember them," Billy said. "Anyway, I'm not thinking about them—now."

"Not about poetry?"

"Yes, poetry certainly. That," said Billy without looking at her, "is you."

She clapped her hands lightly. "See? You do notice me—but oh, so charitably. For I can be terrible—terrible!"

Billy was quiet, relaxed, poised, his head drooping a bit, his great eyes looking up at her.

"I am wondering," he said simply, "how I shall ever be able to live here after you are gone."

SHE brought her little closed fist against her lips and sat regarding him with wide genuinely startled eyes.

"*Mon Dieu,*" she said low, "it is not that you go very fast—no. That is unknown to you. It is that you solitaries, you speak the truth and nothing else." She threw out her hands, laughed, shrugged. "Very pretty," she said. "I shall say to Martin that you are not at all appreciated by him."

This the boy received with a quiver of eyelid.

"You are an idealist," she charged him.

"Why, of course," said Billy.

She cried out: "And you think you see in me another. They always do! Well, I shall tell you the truth: I am idealist sometimes, and sometimes I am as hard as nails—nails—nails! Coffin nails!"

Billy kept on looking at her and smiling.

"You are utterly and completely adorable," he said. "Imagine Martin and you marrying!"

"Oh God," said Mitty, "now why on earth should you say that?"

She sprang up and went to the window and cried: "Where *is* Martin? Doesn't Martin think anything about *me?*"

Billy stood beside her, breathless, pressing his hands together.

She looked at him over her shoulder. "You have no idea about any of this. I see that you are a beautiful creature—a beautiful creature. I have talked a great deal of nonsense—I always do."

Suddenly Billy bent and caught her hand and kissed it. "But you are exquisite," he said low. "Nothing changes that."

"My little brother Billy," she cried quickly. "Thank you—your big sister, she thanks you! No, no," she said abruptly. "Why, I am not that!"

"Don't be that," said Billy, his voice just to be heard and no more.

MRS. BELDEN'S loud and somehow thick tones came from the door.

"—a much better one of you, Martin," she said, "but I lost it. However, these are very good of you. See these, Matilda!"

"Oh, for God's sake," said Billy, "don't call her Matilda."

"It is nothing to me what I am called," said Mitty. "Any one may call me anything—and I shall answer. It has always been that way with me. First names or last."

"I very much prefer to refer to you as Matilda in this town," said Mrs. Belden, rather as an aside, still going over the photographs. "Now this one, with his first mustache—"

"Good Lord, mother!" said Martin. "How could you stand me?"

Mitty stood regarding them. "They are sweet—sweet!" she cried. "Oh, you were precious, Martin. You were sharp and good, like a child—you trusted people."

"I trust some people now," said Martin.

"Me?" She spread her hands and bent toward him.

"If a man can't trust his wife," said Bella Belden, "what can he do?"

"That is true—what can he do?" said Mitty. "Only think—all those years, when he was little, and then, after so long, there I was. Martin—I am not enough to have waited for so long!"

"Let us hope you are enough," said Bella Belden.

Mitty breathed a great sigh. "Oh, yes, we shall hope," she said. "How we shall hope!"

"He was a good baby," Mrs. Belden explained to all. "And that reminds me: Genevieve and Jim mean to have Walter christened tomorrow—it seems he never has been christened, so I insisted. And I think they mean to ask you to be godmother, Matilda."

Mitty pushed her hair straight back, her eyes wide, her forehead seamed. "Oh, no! Not I. I have never christened any one!"

Martin and Billy laughed, and Mrs. Belden said loudly:

"The minister does the christening. You merely hold the child in your arms, of course! Have you never *seen* a christening, Matilda?"

"No, I have never seen one. It isn't that. I can learn my lines quite quickly. But I should prefer not to play the role."

"It's nothing, Mitty, really," Martin said hurriedly.

There were steps on the terrace, and Matthew Belden came in through the long windows. Genevieve and Jim remained outside, playing handball with the children.

"Well, well," said Matthew Belden. "Where's Ratcliff? Isn't he here?"

The others said, No, that Ratcliff hadn't been seen.

Matthew Belden drew Mitty down to the willow seat and sat beside her. His huge head with its graying hair bent above her and he said:

"It's plain to be seen what Martin saw in you. But what did you see in Martin, to make you wish to marry him?"

Mitty pressed her small closed fist to her mouth and turned to Martin.

"You see, Martin, you see?" she said. "His eyes are kind!"

"Of course his eyes are kind," said Mrs. Belden. "Aren't Martin's? And if Martin can make you one

half as good a husband as his father has made me, that's all you can ask. Matthew!" She turned to her husband. "Mitty says she can't be godmother for the baby."

"Of course she will be godmother to Walter," Matthew Belden said. "She will do that because we ask it—won't you, Mitty?"

Instantly Mitty was grave again. "I couldn't do that—don't ask me that," she said.

She was play-acting now, Martin thought miserably—as much as ever she had acted upon a stage. He had not thought it would be like this—that she would see herself as the center of this entire family, that she would feel that she could play upon them all as she played upon him. She seemed to be trying to bewilder them, to keep their attention focused upon her, to prove herself as some one clever and having distinction. Martin stared at her as if she were a stranger.

"There's Ratcliff now," Martin said, glad of a diversion. "He's joined Genevieve and Jim—he's playing ball with the children."

"Is that Mr. Ratcliff?" Anna asked.

She stooped to grope for her crutches. Still looking out the window, she rose and moved forward. They all watched her until she reached the window. She stood there watching the play at ball.

It was as if Mitty were uncomfortable if she lost for a single minute the stimulus of the beat of attention upon her.

"So now," she said, "we shall say no more about that christening. But I shall tell you whatever you wish to know about myself."

At this moment the passage door opened and Grandmother Belden came in. She had that absorption in herself of the very old or of the dying, in which Mitty already shared.

Grandmother Belden smiled about on them all in her gentle abstraction, not noticing Martin, not noticing Mitty, even as a stranger present.

"Well," the old woman said heartily, "I've been going over my things. Ever since lunchtime I've been at it. I don't know whether I'll travel in the gray or the blue. I used gray when I was married before—" she dwindled, and sat down.

MRS. BELDEN took bright command of the moment. "Grandma," she said, "here's Martin."

"How-do, Martin," grandmother said without moving.

"And his wife—Mitty, you know."

At this she looked up and Mitty came prettily forward.

"Grandmother thinks she is going to be married again," Mrs. Belden said loudly.

"I'm going to be married to some one else, my dear," Grandmother Belden explained with dignity. "My husband doesn't mind."

Brought sharply against the reality of the old woman's illusion, Mitty recoiled as if from some physical impact.

"Now, mother," said Matthew Belden, "Mitty, here, was about to tell us something of herself."

"Of course," said Grandmother Belden, settling herself. "Now tell us all about *your* wedding, my dear."

"My childhood," said Mitty, "was a most miserable one. But always I wanted the stage. And when the opportunity came to go to New York—"

"With whom?" Mrs. Belden wished to know.

"With one of my relations," said Mitty. "Aunt Hortense. Dear Aunt Hortense with the false front. We settled down in a little flat. And soon my opportunity came, in a little part in a play that had a fair run—"

"The stage!" said Mrs. Belden. She looked at Martin as if to say, "*That's* why you didn't speak up."

"Everybody goes on the stage that can get there," Grandmother Belden observed affably.

"I hope it was a good play," said Mrs. Belden, "and not one of those—"

"Oh, no," said Mitty. "No indeed. And then," she went on, "I met Martin."

"Where j' meet?" Mrs. Belden inquired with great rapidity. She was leaning forward now, ready for the meat of the hour.

"Where *did* we meet, Martin?" Mitty asked.

"Well, I never!" Mrs. Belden cried. "Papa! Anna! Did you hear that? Mitty and Martin don't know where they met! Anna!"

Anna turned toward them. Her face was very pale.

"This Mr. Ratcliff," she said—"who is he?"

"Actor, writer, entertainer, possible purchaser of the farm," said Martin.

"Purchaser!" said Mitty, annoyed at this diversion. "He never had any intention in his life of doing anything. Or if he did, he didn't do it. Or if he did it, he didn't stick. He is thirty men in one—and not the makings of one man in the whole of him!"

"THEY are coming in now," said Anna. "They are all coming in."

"But see here, now," Grandmother Belden cried. "I want to know about the wedding. Aren't you going to tell? I wanted to get me some points."

"Not now, grandmother," Martin said, rising. "Another time for that. The others are coming in, and Mitty—I expect you'll want to rest a bit, won't you?"

"Oh," said Mitty, "yes. I am very, *very* tired."

"The trip up," Martin hastened to explain.

"No. The trip up was very refreshing," Mitty contended. Her loveliness of manner was leaving her—she was like a bored child, now that no one was paying her attention.

"We'll surely hear about the wedding another time, mother," Mrs. Belden said—but less like a promise to grandmother than like a threat to Mitty. "I'll take you to your room now," she added.

Billy said low to Mitty as she passed him:

"There's a gorgeous moon coming up. Would—would you walk a little before dinner?"

"I'd adore it," Mitty cried.

"Now?"

"Yes, now, now! Oh, it cannot be too soon to take a walk—away from here!"

"What are you two murmuring about?" Martin asked.

"Martin," said Billy, "your wife—she's the most delicious person I've ever seen."

"Well, well," said grandmother affably, "I never did know a girl before that didn't want to talk about her wedding." . . .

By five o'clock the sun sent shadows of spruce and hemlock over the edge of the slow water of the Kittyclaw.

Along the river path Mitty and Billy came, moving slowly.

"Tell me," she said, "you know Martin better than I do, really. Do you think he minded that I came to walk with you?"

She spoke slowly, almost sleepily, and very softly. Mitty's voice had a power to lower itself—an effect not less than electric upon the listener.

"It's extraordinary," Billy said. "I've liked Martin pretty well all my life, but now I can't care a whoop whether he liked it or not."

"I said to him," said Mitty absorbedly, "I said, 'Martin, I am going for a walk.' And he said, 'Good. I'll

come with you.' But I said, 'Now, Martin, you really must forgive me, but I'm going with some one else.' And when he said, 'Who?' I said, 'With a member of your family who has invited me.' He was coming down the stairs when we left, and he did not call out to us."

"I didn't even see him," Billy said. "Tell me how I am going to live and not be where you are?"

Mitty stirred impatiently.

"Do you know," she said, "you are very old-fashioned? Nobody talks like that now."

"I suppose not," he said, stricken. "What should I say?"

She laughed and told him to say, "Mitty, old girl, give me a break soon, won't you?" Then, seeing how abashed and miserable he looked, she smoothed his hair and said, "But I'm glad you can't talk like that! I love you exactly—but exactly—as you are!"

On that Billy said in a low voice: "You love me?"

"I have adored you from the first, first minute!" Mitty cried in her extravagant fashion.

She was mystified to have him turn from her and stand quietly, hardly breathing.

"I never thought I could be happy," she heard him say.

She stared at him. "But you know what I mean," she said. "I love you as—as—" She might have said "as one hands out cigarettes," but she stopped, at a loss.

"That's Martin!" said Mitty, with a hint of relief in her voice which she contrived to make petulance.

"Martin! Oh, Martin! Here we are!"

They saw Martin emerge from the spruces and come swinging along the path. Chancing to glance at Billy, Mitty observed him pale and strained, looking toward his brother as if he had something to confess.

"You two," said Martin, "giving me the slip! I say, Billy, how the spruces have grown. I wouldn't have believed it."

Billy moistened his lips and said yes, that they had grown; and then, as if he were determined to do the right thing and to have it over, he said in a queer voice:

"Martin—I love Mitty."

"Sure," said Martin absently. "Everybody does."

"And she loves me," said Billy fiercely.

"I'm glad to hear that," he said. "I didn't know how she'd take the family."

"You don't understand," Billy tried to say. But Martin had discovered an old water gauge down the river bank, and was off.

THE five-o'clock light that lit the Kittyclaw threw slanting shadows across the room with the six windows, where Anna stood watching. She had seen Mitty and Billy set off, Mitty's bright sweater gleaming in the pale green of the shrubbery. The others were coming along the terrace, the children shouting, Genevieve running after them, Jim and the stranger strolling and smoking.

Genevieve reached the windows and came in, driving the children. They were laughing and wind-blown.

Anna's little girl ran to her mother, and Anna stooped over her, her eyes still lifted to the window.

"Now listen to mother," Anna said. "Go quickly—but quickly—to your room. Not a word, precious. Go quickly—till mother comes."

The little girl's mood changed from one of revelry to one of startled concern, and she turned silently and swiftly to the passage door.

"Come in, Mr. Ratcliff," said Genevieve. "Father, when he comes in you introduce him to Anna—I'll get Walter away; he's a sight." The passage door closed upon her.

Ratcliff's voice was heard calling to Jim, "Can I help you, Mr. Belden?" and Jim's "No, thank you," from the drive.

Ratcliff had appeared outside the long windows, and Matthew Belden said:

"Come in—come in, sir! Jim'll make out alone."

Ratcliff stepped into the room. Matthew Belden swung the glass door and stood fastening it.

"Anna," her father said, "ye'll not have met this friend of Martin's. My daughter, Mrs. Vesper—Mr. Ratcliff."

They stood facing each other, Anna erect on her crutches. She stood silent and looked at him, and looked. Then Ratcliff said:

"Good God!"

"Father," said Anna, "I'm the one to present him to you. He's Don Vesper. He's my husband, father."

"Anna, is this true?" cried Matthew Belden.

"Ask him," Anna said.

THERE was no need to ask Ratcliff. He stood staring at Anna, all the lightness drained from his face, and he was suddenly haggard and shrunken.

"I give you my word," he said feebly, "I had no idea that I was coming here."

Matthew Belden shook his great head.

"Well enough we know that," he cried, "or ye would not have been here!"

"Father," said Anna, "let's hear what he has to say."

"How can he have anything to say?" her father shouted.

Now Anna spoke gently, as if the power in her, momentarily driven within by the shock of this meeting, reappeared and took possession of her.

"You must," she said, "be able to tell me something, Don—since you *are* here."

He looked about the room, looked at her father, and his eyes came back to Anna.

"I came down with Mitty and her—and your son," he said only. "I came down with them—they knew of a farm for sale. It was this farm, it seems, where you live."

"Ye didn't know where ye were going?" Matthew demanded incredulously.

"I hadn't an idea." Ratcliff was looking about him as if to escape. "I'd never been here," he added inconclusively.

Anna moved now to a chair, and for the first time Ratcliff was aware of her crutches.

"Anna," he said, "you're lame!"

"You didn't know that before?" she asked.

"I didn't—I swear it."

"Then you can't have had my letters—or can't have read them," Anna said slowly.

"I never knew you were lame."

She seated herself, the sun red upon her hair and red in the room.

"What *did* you know?" she said.

Ratcliff dropped his hands on the back of a chair.

"I give you my word," he said, "I don't know much more about this than you do."

He stood like the husk of a man, his smart clothes singularly out of drawing.

"Ye don't know," Matthew demanded, "why ye left your wife here, without hearing from ye, without support, and her lame—and alone except for us—ye don't know why ye did that?"

"No," said Ratcliff tonelessly. "No. I don't know

how in the devil I can have done that."

"Well, then," said Matthew Belden, his hands clenched, "ye'll have to be thinking up some reason—for ye'll have to give us one before ye leave, whether or no."

Grandmother Belden spoke up pleasantly from her seat by the fire.

"Matthew," she said reproachfully, "you can't treat Anna's husband like that and keep him. You ought to know that."

She went on rocking complacently and examining the palm of her hand.

Anna sat waiting.

"I never meant to be like this," said Ratcliff — rather ridiculously, rather terribly.

"And I never meant to spend my life like this," said Anna.

"Ye'll not find any one," said Matthew, "who meant to be exactly as he is, I'll lay. But ye'll find many a one who bolts like a weakling and who can't tell what made him do it."

"I'm sure," Grandmother Belden said, "I never thought *I'd* be marrying two men at the same time. But it's all right. Whatever you're talking about is all right too," she added.

Anna had sat looking at the man, and looking. And at first her face was hard and lined, with a look that was old and bitter. But as she saw him, perhaps it was some terrible familiarity with the past which came and touched her, for her face changed and smoothed and her youth seemed to return to her.

From the passage Mrs. Belden's voice now sounded sharply, edged in some command. And, still intent on her own tragedy, Anna cried:

"Father! Don!"—and it was as if she were speaking to those nearest to her, and her tone was the same for both. "Let's not say anything of this —of me and my affairs—to the others —now!"

DINNER was at half past six, laid in that long room with the six windows. A soft gong announced dinner. Mrs. Belden had bought it at an auction in town and whenever it was sounded she always said, "Isn't it a sweet tone?"

She made this observation now, coming into the "parlor," where they were all assembled: Anna, in blue, listening to Genevieve, who was telling why she had brought the black lace that she had on—a little dressy, she knew, for the occasion. Jim had brought his tux—she had told him that that wouldn't be required or expected of him, but he had insisted.

Ratcliff, who had dressed, stood about silently, looking from one to another with the air of one lost, or listened to Jim's talk about the farm and said only, "I see, I see, I *see*," interminably. Matthew Belden, in his old black broadcloth, sat before the fire, with bent head. Martin was down, but Mitty was late. While they stood, Billy slipped in from the hall. With his open collar and his beautiful tumbled hair, he was like a faun at a party.

"Billy," his mother said reprovingly, "couldn't you dress up for your brother and sister?"

"I have so *many* brothers and sisters!" Billy exclaimed, and sat at the piano. He had a distinguished touch, and he ran into some of his own improvisation, his eyes on space or on the door by which Mitty would enter.

Mitty came in, five minutes late, in a white formal with a rather high throat. Her yellow hair was repeated in a dozen bracelets on one arm and in the shade of her shoes. She stood in the doorway and smiled lazily, with not the least awareness that she was late.

AS Billy rose from the piano, she went straight to him.

"You must play for me afterward," she said. "I caught your quality—it is delicious!" She murmured: "I should love to sing to you. I should love to sing, 'Oh that we two were Maying.'"

Billy said low: "'Oh that we two were lying under the churchyard sod' —or something like that.

But she cried: "Dear me—death! No! I do not like the dead."

Martin said: "Come along. I thought you were starving." Matthew Belden and Jim and Ratcliff moved down the hall together; and Jim, very expansive in the atmosphere of good cooking, clapped both men on the shoulders and then stepped ahead and put his arm about his wife.

"Well," he said. "Pretty good! What?"

"Oh, precious," said Genevieve audibly, "aren't you glad I made you come?"

Matthew Belden, with his head down and his hands clasped back of him, preceded Ratcliff, who looked about as if he were caged.

They were at table—Bella and Matthew at either end, and a large compote of gumdrops in the center. Mrs. Belden decreed that Mitty should sit at Matthew's right and Genevieve at his left; that Billy should be next to Mitty, and Martin and Jim on her own right and left. This put Anna between Billy and Jim, and Ratcliff opposite. And as they seated themselves, to break the ice, as she would have said, Mrs. Belden observed in her hearty way:

"We have one extra place between Martin and you, Mr. Ratcliff. What a pity you didn't bring your wife!"

Mitty laughed. "Now I tell you something," she said. "He cannot settle down. Mr. Ratcliff, he can *not* settle down. He is like that part he used to play—Don Somebody, was it? The man who ne-ver settled down!"

"Ah, yes?" said Anna Vesper evenly. "You used to play a part— of Don Someone—was that it?"

In that hour before dinner something had come over Anna—some return of her own poise, even some terrible power of gentle mockery.

"It was a play," Ratcliff said,

" about a man who never had loved any one but himself."

" Now let me ask a question," said Anna. She looked at Ratcliff and said:

" Suppose you had married some one, and had called yourself by the name of your part in the play—whatever that was. You yourself—the you inside—would not have been married at all, perhaps? "

" No! " said Ratcliff, with a flicker of spirit. " No, I suppose not."

" So that you would have been quite free to go or come, and to ship the woman about as you pleased? "

" I suppose I should," said Ratcliff.

" Depending," said Matthew Belden loudly, " on what you construe ' quite free ' to mean. Quite free morally, for example? "

Mitty nibbled at her celery and asked, in the plaintive tone which she always used when she felt herself out of the center of the talk:

" What *is* ' morally '? I get so confused. Of course," she added, " every one is confused. Isn't it true? "

" You can't fool me," said Mrs. Belden with spirit, " about such things as marriage and divorce and—and adultery—if I must say it. And that's what all the talk seems to be about. If you're married, you're married. If you're not, you're not. That's what I say to them when they put up cases to me."

" Sure enough," said Martin, in the pause which followed.

In that moment's pause Mitty cried:

" Let me ask you: Could anything be nicer, conceivably, than this table of people? Could it? "

Martin divined miserably that her irritation at being even momentarily out of the center of talk led her to capture it at any cost.

Mrs. Belden said, with her manner of indignation:

" But we're good moral people. Why shouldn't we be happy? "

" Of course," said Mitty. " Good moral people—we admit it! "

Martin looked down wretchedly. Little devil! he thought passionately. How could he have dreamed that she would be like this?

Mitty had not finished.

" Now, Penny," she said to Ratcliff, " you see us all here. So. Do you not wish you had followed our example? "

Now Ratcliff, as if he had borne all that he could bear, lifted his head and half closed his eyes and spoke directly to Mitty.

" I never was more amazed in my life," he said, " than when you said *you* were married. When was it? I hadn't seen a word about it in the newspapers."

" That's just what I want to know," said a voice at the door. Grandma Belden came in and moved to the empty chair between Martin and Ratcliff. " I'm glad I came in time to hear about the wedding, though."

" There's really not much to tell," said Mitty demurely. " Everything was kept very quiet."

" Yes, when was your wedding? That's what I want to know," Mrs. Belden demanded quickly.

" Do not ask me ' When was it? ' " said Mitty plaintively. " You make me feel like an old married woman."

" There might," said Mrs. Belden severely, " be worse feelings."

" For example," said Anna, " to be an old married woman with no husband."

" For example," said Martin, " to be in love with some one who refuses to marry you."

" For example," said Billy clearly, " to be in love with somebody else's wife."

" For example," said Mitty, " to be unable to please anybody, no matter how hard one tries! "

Ratcliff seemed to speak rather against his will. " Or to have been a cad," he said.

At which Matthew Belden cried out: " And still to be one! That—yes. That's the worst of all feelings! "

Billy said, " Oh God," under his breath, and Mitty leaned forward. Before she could speak again, Anna said, in her sudden hollow of silence cut by her clear voice:

" I should like to tell you something about my wedding."

Instantly the silence was charged, save for Mitty, who cried, " Oh, do, do! I should love to hear that," and save for Mrs. Belden, that invincible lady, who said sharply:

" We've never known much more about your wedding, Anna, than we have about Martin's and Matilda's. When a woman's husband isn't *there*," she announced to all, " it's rather embarrassing to speak to her of such things."

" And when he is there," said Anna, " it may be rather more embarrassing still. My wedding," she went on, " was at four o'clock in the afternoon of a dingy winter day—in a New York boardinghouse. We had very little money. I wore a dress that I'd worn before, and they say that's bad luck—"

" The idea, Anna! If you'd told your mother anything about it—"

" I didn't know anything about it myself," Anna said, " until noon that day. I didn't know that he wanted me until that day. Perhaps he didn't know it himself—perhaps he didn't know even then. But I knew—I'd known for months. Maybe that was bad luck too. I met him on the stairs—I was going back to work. It was as sudden as that. He had had "—she spoke slowly—" the license for a week, he said, trying to make up his mind whether he wanted me or not. At least he was very frank, you see, at that time. He seems to have had no doubt about me. So we were married and lived happily ever after."

Suddenly and amazingly Ratcliff burst out:

" It wasn't like that—pardon me—he was being hounded by another woman—"

In the complete silence which followed, every one's eyes, as if touched by one control, went to Ratcliff's face.

The fuse of a tremendous emotional explosion has been touched off. What will be the consequences if Ratcliff damns himself in the eyes of everybody, and betrays the secret of Mitty and Martin, too? Can any one prevent the ruin? Read the climax and end in next week's Liberty.

TWENTY QUESTIONS

Liberty will pay $1 for any question accepted and published. If the same question is suggested by more than one person, the first suggestion received will be the one considered. Address Twenty Questions, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

1—Who is this at the age of twenty?

2—Which of these words is misspelled: indescribable, inevitable, indivisable, inequitable?

3—Which of the following is not classified as an insect: an ant, a spider, a fly?

4—Is a parr an animal, a bird, a fish, or a golf expression?

5—What was the full name and title of the Queen of England before her marriage to King George?

6—Is a stirk an animal, bird, fish, or insect?

7—Is a burgee used to clean windows or is it part of a horse's harness?

8—Is a hypochondriac a person with a mania for being hypnotized?

9—What are the " sheets " on a sailing vessel?

10—What English word means a procession, and a means of transportation?

11—In how many states of the Union has oil been produced commercially?

12—On a standard tennis court, what is the distance from service line to net?

13—Where in the Bible is the death sentence for murder first mentioned?

14—What is the meaning of the medical abbreviation *stat.?*

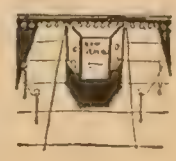
15—Is sudatorium a nickname for a soap factory, a laundry, a public swimming pool, or a saloon?

16—In law, what is the difference between a plaintiff in error and a plaintiff in a trial?

17—What is the *Index Librorum Prohibitorum?*

18—How many lines are there in a verse of poetry?

19—When a theatrical manager gives orders to " dress the house," does he mean to decorate it with flags, bunting, etc., to have it repainted, or redecorated throughout?



20—What is the difference between a revolt and a revolution?

(Answers will be found on page 52)

Tender, Turbulent, Tragic

Mr. Barrymore Gently Guides the Course of Love from Beyond the Grave, the Ebullient Mr. Cagney Wins the Girl Again, and Mr. Boyer Is Unhappily Involved in a Romance of East and West

by BEVERLY HILLS

READING TIME ● 17 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

★ ★ ★ THE RETURN OF PETER GRIMM

THE PLAYERS: Lionel Barrymore, Helen Mack, Edward Ellis, Donald Meek, George Breakston, Allen Vincent, James Bush, Ethel Griffies, Lucien Littlefield, Greta Meyer. Directed by George Nichols, Jr. From the play by David Belasco.

4 stars—Extraordinary 3 stars—Excellent
2 stars—Good 1 star—Poor
0 star—Very Poor

THE RETURN OF PETER GRIMM, fom the old Belasco stage hit, is a cheery little piece about the dead and the dying. Lionel Barrymore, in the role made famous by David Warfield, is seen as the domineering horticulturist who spends his life arranging other people's lives and then returns from death to right his mistakes.

Even though the picture is concerned mostly with ghosts and deads, it is neither frightening nor sad. Nor does it intend to be. The Return of Peter Grimm is a simple little love story with Lionel Barrymore as the bodyless *deus ex machina.*

Getting a last-day promise from Helen Mack that she will marry his nephew, Barrymore peacefully dies and goes on to his reward. But once he gets to wherever dead people go, the ex-flower-grower learns many pertinent facts, the most important being that his nephew (Allen Vincent) is a scoundrel; that he intends to sell the family business; and that the waif about the estate is his nephew's illegitimate son.

Armed with this news and determined that the demure Miss Mack shall not be held to her promise, Barrymore oozes home to see what can be done about the mess. It is then that the slowly beginning Return of Peter Grimm takes on interest. In gently comic scenes Barrymore wanders about the estate trying to get his message through to the mortals. He talks to them but is unheard. And is both shocked and amused at their opinions of him.

But as he has only twenty-four hours in which to prevent the marriage and save the estate, the need for results is pressing. So, working through the sickly George Breakston, the neighborhood orphan, Barrymore has the delirious lad act as mouthpiece.

The Return of Peter Grimm is not as depressing as its bare outline would imply, though it may leave many with a depressed after feeling.

Even the finicky will find it a pleasant little item despite the theme. And the smart playing of Edward Ellis, Helen Mack, Barrymore, and Donald Meek make it a good risk.

Edward Ellis, Donald Meek, Lionel Barrymore, George Breakston, and Ethel Griffies in The Return of Peter Grimm.

VITAL STATISTICS: The Return of Peter Grimm has been anything but grim at the box offices. The theatrical David Belasco himself wrote and produced it back in 1911, probably to justify that clerical collar he wore. It ran for 231 performances, with David Warfield being the ungrimm Peter, and later (1921) it was revived with Warfield for seventy-eight curtain raisings. The late Alec B. Francis did it silently in 1926, with Janet Gaynor in Helen Mack's present part. . . . Of all the Barrymores, Lionel seems to be the steady big brother, if not as rich and lovelorn as John or as beautiful as Ethel. Modestly described by his press agent as eight artists rolled into one, he can paint, etch, write, direct, play pianner, compose, mug, and is also a scholar, not to mention a gentleman. He's been around for twenty-five years—made pictures for Biograph in 1909—and though he's never shone quite as brilliantly as his Royal Family he has shone pretty fiercely. There is no snootiness to him; he is without temperament. He appears on sets minus a valet, servant, stooge; is never late for a call; works harder than any one else on the set; drives his own car; and, when not being shot, walks nervous miles around the set, followed by the make-up man, who has to comb his hair on the run. He once wanted to be a prizefighter or pachydermatologist, but in a stormy scene between John and Ethel it's said the ambition was crushed out of him and he became pressed ham. Can read a scene twice, have it letter-perfect, then forget it equally as fast when he's through with it. . . . Director George Nichols, Jr., today megs Helen Mack, whom he once, as ace RKO cutter, saved from the cutting-room floor when he cut Sweepings, by passionately pleading her worth. Says the hardest thing about being a director is getting the job. Thinks acting's the best training for directing. . . . Laddie, the only dog in Hollywood who plays character roles, was born in Hollywood, where there are more dog hospitals than human ones. He's known as One-Take Laddie, because he never muffs a scene and is the most cue-conscious animal in pictures. Is always suspicious of people in unusual costumes and is always allowed to sniff at them first to detect evil. A young vigorous animal, he seems old and feeble in the picture. . . . At forty Lucien Littlefield is known as the grand old man in pictures, never having played any young role. Is not henpecked, à la screen, in real life. Drove an ambulance in the war, and plays center field on his own ball team, known as the Littlefielders. Owns all of his costumes; always makes himself up; makes written records of timid souls, of whom he has made a study; and his amazing wardrobe is valued at $25,000. . . . Donald Meek meeks along without records or mirrors. Despite that bald spot and the deer-with-measles look, Donald ran and could win the 100 in his college days. . . . George Breakston's ma's Jacqueline Du Val, French dancer, and designer for Patou. Was born in Paris; came here when six years old. Called at Columbia studios one day where maw was designing, and got mistaken for boy in No Greater Glory, and is getting a career out of it. . . . Helen Mack believes in spiritualism because many times she knew she was going to see certain people and, by heck, durned if she didn't! Says maybe it's the Romany gypsy in her. . . . Edward Ellis is son of Edward Ellis, Sr., who carried him on the stage for his first appearance. Was a semipro ballplayer at one time and smash-hit Broadway as Blackie Daw

in Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford. Played ninety-eight weeks in The Bat and keeps well by not worrying. About $500 a week helps, too. . . . Picture cost about $250,000, Barrymore's salary nicking that sum for a grand amount.

★ ★ ★ THE IRISH IN US

THE PLAYERS: James Cagney, Pat O'Brien, Olivia de Havilland, Frank McHugh, Allen Jenkins, Mary Gordon, J. Farrell MacDonald, Thomas Jackson, Harvey Perry. Directed by Lloyd Bacon. Screen play by Earl Baldwin.

EVIDENTLY there are not enough leading women on the Warner Bros. lot to satisfy both Pat O'Brien and James Cagney. For here they are again falling in love with the same woman. And once more, in The Irish in Us, it is the quiet, conscientious Mr. O'Brien who loses his love to belligerently charming Jimmy Cagney.

This rough-and-tumble film follows the fortunes of the three O'Hara brothers. Done in formula technique, The Irish in Us is played with gusto and much insane good humor. The brothers are Cagney, a blarney-mouthed wastrel; O'Brien, a hard-working ambitious cop; and moon-faced Frank McHugh, a fireman.

Though the essential plot is but a stencil of numberless past films, the energetic playing and well spaced gags give this one freshness and feeling. With Cagney and O'Brien displaying their usual good form, Frank McHugh and Allen Jenkins manage to steal the picture. Jenkins, as Car-Barn Hammerschlogg, a punch-drunk pugilist under Cagney's managerial wing, can't resist hitting the nearest person whenever a bell rings.

It is this foible in Jenkins's nature that gives The Irish in Us many of its funniest moments and points the way to the climax. For when the round-heeled battler gets in a dressing-room brawl he is knocked colder than a strawberry sherbet. With the ticket holders roaring for battle, Cagney takes his client's place in the ring. Movie fans will not be surprised to see the cocky little redhead knock out the champ. Nor will they be surprised that he wins the girl, who this time is Olivia de Havilland.

But, for all its conventional plot pattern and broad Gaelic sentimentality, The Irish in Us remains a pungent, earthy, and thoroughly enjoyable encore of the past O'Brien-Cagney offerings.

VITAL STATISTICS: Story thought up by Frank Orsatti, brother to Ernie Orsatti, a Card of St. Louis. Frank's a Hollywood agent cleaning up a mere $5,000 a week when times are good. Mr. L. B. Mayer of M-G-M factories has termed Orsatti one of the finest men alive. . . . With his screen-play fashioning of this bid of Toid Avenya folklore, Earl Baldwin ($1,000 per) steps up into Warner Bros. executivehood. Henceforth Baldwin, ex-burlesque writer, instead of turning 'em out one by one, will keep six balls in the air at once. Baldwin's an expert salmon fisher, likes to gamble, is probably ablest gagman in Hollywood, and strictly a writer for the people. . . . Director Archie Mayo is the fattest director in Hollywood. . . . Pat O'Brien, Allen Jenkins, and Cagney all hoofed together for Lew Fields in a Broadway musical fifteen years ago. . . . Pat O'Brien is climbing starward rapidly and now is about $2,500 a week on the way. He wears the most atrociously striped pants in Hollywood, will talk at the drop of a hat or without it about seventeen-months-old Mavourneen O'Brien (Mavourneen's not a name—it means " my darlint "), lives in Brentwood where he entertains furiously. Recently had a Lambs gambol on his front lawns and 115 pounds of barbecue was put away. He's Uncle Pat to all Hollywood kiddies and gets a lot of fan mail from under-agers. Never wins the girl vs. Cagney, but is happy with his wife, so it doesn't matter. . . . At fifty-five Mary Gordon, who once played extra with Cagney as star, sets out on a career. Not so long ago she was short-order cook at a studio restaurant, following which she became an extra, which she's been for years. Hearing Bacon was having trouble filling the mother role in this one, she called him on the phone and put over a rich Sligo brogue that was as thick as an Irish cop's head, and got the job. . . . Lloyd Bacon's the loudest dressed director in Hollywood, delighting in such combinations as yellow slacks, blue shirts, and yellow neckties, occasionally varying these for green suits and pink shirts. Wore green suit, green shirt, and green hat to prove himself Irish for The Irish in Us. Always wears same hat when directing, battering it into a thousand different shapes during the day, and always plays a small part in each picture. . . . Olivia de Havilland is eighteen. Graduating from Los Gatos, California, High School, she became an understudy first, then she got to be Hermia in Reinhardt's Midsummer Night's Dream presented at the Hollywood Bowl. When Reinhardt went to Warner Bros. to put The Dream in celluloid, she went with the great Cherman. Out of it she got a contract—$350 a week—but still hopes some day to return to college. . . . Frank McHugh has theories. He never tries to be funny on the screen—playing each character intensely seriously and always trying to submerge himself to the humor of the situation. Is a great ribber offmike, sneaking around and up behind overbearing loud directors and letting go an enormous critical " Whattayawant! "—thereby always getting a rise. . . . Allen Jenkins is building a boat in his back yard—will save himself about $500 by so doing, but doesn't know if the darned thing will float. Only he isn't building it indoors à la Buster Keaton, thereby having to tear down the house to get it out. . . . That prize fight between Jimmy Cagney and Harvey Perry in the picture is the longest on record. Took five days to film. Cagney vs. Perry fought, in all, 183 three-minute rounds, lasting 8 hours 9 minutes. Cagney lost eight pounds during the five-day struggle, while Perry took off five and a half. Both men were in the pink. Perry insists Cagney might have been a wonderful fighter had such been his ambition. The thing lasts about fifteen minutes in actual screening time. A prize fight is one of the most difficult things to put together after filming, and even then the women don't like it—which accounts for Baer's screen floppo. Cagney has freckles, makes $4,500 a week, is fond of criticizing himself for self-improvement, referring to himself as " that mug," " him," " the sap." When he saw himself in Public Enemy, he claims he felt like stepping up to the screen and socking himself.

★ ★ ½ SHANGHAI

THE PLAYERS: Loretta Young, Charles Boyer, Warner Oland, Alison Skipworth, Fred Keating, Charles Grapewin, Walter Kingsford, Josephine Whittell, and others. Directed by James Flood. Story by Gene Towne, Graham Baker, and Lynn Starling.

WALTER WANGER, the daring producer of The President Vanishes and Private Worlds, tackles another taboo movie theme in Shanghai. This is an intelligently conceived film that misses its potentialities through faulty writing and playing. It begins as an honestly objective study of racial barriers, but before long slips into trite channels of theatric devices.

Charles Boyer, the rapidly climbing somber-eyed Frenchman, is seen as a half Chinese, half Russian, who in a few brilliant strokes comes to be the financial power of Shanghai. No one, with the exception of Warner Oland, an old friend of the family, suspects that Boyer has Oriental blood. So, when the half-caste, against Oland's advice, continues to see Loretta Young, their love develops to the point where he feels he must tell her of his mixed blood.

Shanghai is a courageous film in that there is no softening of the inevitable climax. But its method of building to that scene wherein the silky Mr. Boyer and Miss Young bow before convention is neither as emotional nor as believable as one might expect. Slit-eyed Alison Skipworth and Fred Keating, the erstwhile magician, contrive to bring a few scattered laughs to a picture that is essentially bare tragedy, while Boyer and the lovely Miss Young are sincere in leading roles.

VITAL STATISTICS: Walter Wanger, during the war, served as an airman with the Italian air force. Printed and distributed the first five million recruiting posters urging you and you and you to bleed for your country. This constituted his first piece of showmanship, and since then he has been one to be depended on to do the unexpected. Beau Brummell of Sunset Avenue, Piccadilly, Champs Elysées, he is adored by buttonhole-makers' wives, dowagers, princesses, and the lower classes with whom he occasionally comes in contact. Has bickered over mere $15,000-a-week salaries with the greatest names in show world. He once got me down to $75 a week just after having got Gloria Swanson up to $15,000. Owns ten polo ponies, is a zero-handicap man, has run through many fortunes in the market, is exponent of high but restrained living, was born rich and will probably die so. Rescued Boyer from the doghouse where Hollywood had imported and installed him, and now can command huge bonuses for renting Boyer—under contract to him—to studios that formerly ran him down. Made $60,000 from Boyer's work in Break of Hearts. . . . Ten Chinese girls, answering a casting call to play a phone girl in this one, turned out unable to speak Chinese. The eleventh could and gave her name as Valerie O'Hara. . . . Charles Boyer has slipped over to Paris for six months to escape from what he calls a Hollywood complex—being a big Frog in a little puddle. In Paris he'll be just another Frog in a big muddle! . . . Loretta Young is being condemned to the Orient, you fact seekers. Last she was seen in an Indian flicker; now it's Chinese; next to come, she'll be a Crusadie. . . . Warner Oland, pure Swedish, screen-fathers Keye Luke, pure tickee-washee, herein, but uses no make-up to Orientalize himself, whereas Keye has to heighten his features or he may look Swedish. . . . Charles Grapewin, who made and lost a fortune on the Stock Exchange, coming out $30,000 in debt, waited for big Hollywood roles to make good and pay his debts. Is doing all right again and has invented a revolving bridge table which nets him $100 a week royalties.

★ ★ OLD MAN RHYTHM

THE PLAYERS: Buddy Rogers, George Barbier, Barbara Kent, Grace Bradley, Betty Grable, Eric Blore, Erik Rhodes, John Arledge, Johnny Mercer, Donald Meek, and others. Directed by Edward Ludwig. Story by Lew Gensler, Sig Herzig, and Don Hartman.

SINCE it is quite apparent that the movies never intend to make a realistic college picture anyway, it is probably just as well to go completely haywire as RKO does in Old Man Rhythm. This is a series of vaudeville acts laid in one of those unbelievably luxurious colleges that exist only in celluloid. There are scads of comely co-eds who sing and dance amiably. There are the usual quota of gags and the spirited college lads, suffering from advanced metabolism, who seem to have a great deal of animal fun.

Old Man Rhythm also has a pinhead plot that occasionally emerges between the musical numbers. It concerns Buddy Rogers, the perpetual sophomore, and his women. Grace Bradley, a fetching wench, covets Buddy for his money. And Barbara Kent loves him for some reason not too clearly defined.

No one bothers much about the plot. But, all in all, Old Man Rhythm is easy-to-take entertainment that makes no strain on the intelligence. It may send many impressionable high-school students off to college this fall. Other than that, this tuneful lollipop will do little harm.

VITAL STATISTICS: This is Charles Buddy Rogers's second honeymoon with Lady Celluloid. His first appearance was marked by the cutest Cupid's-bow mouth that ever graced a young virile actor's handsome schnozz-chassis. His popularity waning a bit in 1932, he deserted his lady for Ziegfeld's hotcha. Later he organized a jazz band and increased blood pressure and foot tapping all over the country. Buddy was born in Olathe, Kansas, son of B. H. Rogers, owner of the Olathe Mirror. Buddy

attended the U. of Kan. and only gave up journalism after graduation when a Paramount scout looking for youth on the hoof got him a screen test and started all that. Buddy's an expert shorthand writer and a dactylologist—which has nothing to do with fossils but means he is expert in the art of conveying ideas with the fingers. Buddy picked it up playing football against a team of deaf-mutes. Rogers now lectures on the movies every year to a class of deaf-mutes. . . . Douglas Fowley got to Hollywood via hitch-hiker's express, setting out with five dollars from New Yawk. Made it in eleven days, reciting poetry and singing in restaurants for his food. Whether he got it to quit or because they liked it, he doesn't say. Doug's twenty-three, was born in Bagdad-on-Subway, has been on the stage, copy boy on the New York Times, Wall Street runner, crooner in a chop-suey house, barker, and pro footballer. Even opened a dramatic school in New York, which folded and left him with the fiver that got him to Hollywood. . . . Johnny Mercer—we're up to our withers in youth, boys—is a Savannahese. He's terribly old—was born in 1909—and wrote all the lyrics for the Gensler songs in the film. Has been in and out of the Tin-Pan Alley and Guild Youth movements for the past few years and no doubt you have sung his pearly rhymes in Lazy Bones, Pardon My Suthin Accent, If I Had $1,000,000—the inflation song. . . . Sonny (Kuddles) Lamont weighs 270, springs of his father and mother's Barnum and Bailey wire act, thus being an acrobat—probably the weightiest known. . . . John Arledge is from Crockett, Texas, and you may have caught him as Henry Hull's half-wit son in Tobacco Road. Worked in a mail-order house and a creamery while waiting to crash the gates of Hollywood. . . . Jane Hamilton is a second cousin of the Earl of Warwick, was born in Baltimore in 1915, and had a part in the Roman Scandals chorus. . . . Johnny Mercer, the lyric writer, knows only forty-eight words—but, boy, does he know how to arrange them! . . . George Barbier once played the Hunchback of Notre Dame for Frohman at Daly's Theater, old folksies. . . . Grace Bradley is a grad of Ned Wayburn U. and plays lazy badminton.

FOUR- AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—Who Killed Cock Robin? The Informer, Black Fury, The Band Concert, Private Worlds, Roberta, Clive of India.

★★★—Murder Man, She, Page Miss Glory, Anna Karenina, In Old Kentucky, Accent on Youth, Broadway Gondolier, Men Without Names, Farmer Takes a Wife, Becky Sharp, China Seas, Ginger, No More Ladies, Public Hero Number 1, Hooray for Love, Break of Hearts, The Call of the Wild, Oil for the Lamps of China, Goin' to Town, G-Men, Doubting Thomas, Les Misérables, Star of Midnight, Life Begins at Forty, One More Spring, Mississippi, West Point of the Air, Naughty Marietta, The Wedding Night, The Little Colonel, Ruggles of Red Gap, Murder on a Honeymoon, Wings in the Dark, The Whole Town's Talking.

GOOD BOOKS

By OLIVER SWIFT

★ ★ ★ ½ **PIER 17** by Walter Havighurst. The Macmillan Company.
A Pacific Coast water-front strike. Strikebreakers and social struggle. Adrian Scarf, a sailor, an idealist dying for a cause.

★ ★ ★ **HAMPTON AND HIS RED SHIRTS** by Alfred R. Williams. Walker, Evans and Cogswell Company.
A factual but stirring record of "the revolution of 1876" when the virtually disenfranchised whites of South Carolina revolted against carpet-bagger rule. A book that could well be read by every American who knows all too little of the history of his country.

★ ★ ½ **CORNISH OF SCOTLAND YARD** by G. W. Cornish. The Macmillan Company.
This book by an ex-superintendent of the Yard gives a most interesting view of the way the C. I. D. really operates. Many of the cases cited remain unsolved. The element of arrangement for dramatic value is absent but is more than made up in the realization that the detail and the characters are all real.

★ ★ **EMPTY ARMS** by Marguerite Brener. The Macaulay Company.
A perfect marriage, love, wealth, fidelity—everything life holds dear—but no child. The author takes you "to see a doctor" first with the wife, then with the husband, and she doesn't spare the intimate details. It's boring rather than interesting.

★ ★ **THE NEW AMERICA: THE NEW WORLD** by H. G. Wells. The Macmillan Company.
The great English observer gives an interesting analysis of America's place in the changing world picture.

★ ★ **ONE-TWO-THREE-FOUR** by James Lafayette Hutchison. Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.
The thoughts that race through a woman's mind on a hot summer night when she cannot sleep, revealing her life story and her character. A surprise ending.

★ ★ **LUCY GAYHEART** by Willa Cather. Alfred A. Knopf.
A tragic romance, beautifully done, but hardly one of Cather's best.

★ **IT'S A GREAT WORLD!** by Emilie Loring. Penn Publishing Co.
A marriage of convenience for the girl, a cheating guardian, a vampire lady, a powerful senator uncle. It has all the works for an interesting novel but it lacks the punch! Too obvious.

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Ed Wynn at the mike. "I have to look the fool," he says.

READING TIME ● 7 MINUTES 55 SECONDS

The PRIVATE LIFE of

I AM the most unhappy man in the world," Ed Wynn once said to me. "Everything that could possibly happen to disturb the tranquillity of a man's life has happened to me—and is still happening. If some one knocks on the door I know that there's trouble ahead for me. If I get a telegram it is certain to contain bad news. And a letter more often than not is a preface to a lawsuit."

Such pessimism from the ace comedian of the stage and radio was startling. The story of Pagliacci flashed through my mind. I thought of Charlie Chaplin. Could there be any truth in the commonplace old saying that great comedy is always based on tragedy?

Ed Wynn believes that there is. "In all true comedy," he says, "there must be an undercurrent of pathos; and the pathos can only come from the comedian's intimate acquaintanceship with the heartbreaks, the misery, and the elemental sadness of life."

From the time Ed Wynn, at the age of sixteen, ran away from home, he had to buffet the world alone. He has known the pinch of poverty and want; he has experienced the unevenness of theatrical fortunes—up one day, down the next; he has tasted the bitter humiliation of a professional boycott; he has been involved in government lawsuits; and in his emotional life he has suffered the deepest tragedy that man can know.

His parents came to the United States as immigrants, his mother from Turkey, his father from Czechoslovakia; and succeeding in the new country, they wanted their son, Edwin Leopold, to follow in his father's footsteps. He was to go first to the University of Pennsylvania and then into his father's millinery business.

But the lad had other plans for himself. He loved the theater. He was youthfully confident of himself, certain that the stage was a profession in which his native talents could shine.

I can see him, an eager boy of sixteen, his heart beating high, fidgeting through supper, waiting for his mother to clear the table and for his father, mellow after a good meal, to relax in an easy chair.

"I'm going on the stage," he announced abruptly, with more boldness than he felt.

"You're what?"

"I—I said I'm going on the stage."

"Where did you get such an idea?" his father snapped. "You'll do no such thing."

The overwrought boy started to argue. The father stormed; the mother joined her husband against her son. Bitter words followed entreaties. But the boy was adamant. When finally he was sent to his room, his plans were set. Then and there he made up his mind to run away.

He waited until his parents were asleep before gathering together a few of his belongings. He hastily tied them into a small bundle, and with only a few dollars, the contents of his savings bank, he slipped from the house and set out to conquer the world.

Walking along the road in the thick of night, he decided on a name. He would part his first name, Edwin, in the middle. "Ma and pa will regret this night's performance," he melodramatized. "When I'm famous and the name Ed Wynn is known all over the world, they're going to be sorry they turned me out like this."

That was in 1902. He made his way to Norwich, Connecticut, where there was a theatrical troupe. He sought out the manager.

"The only part open is that of a seventy-year-old minister," the manager said, "and you can't play that."

"Oh, can't I?" replied the boy. "Just try me."

The manager let him read the part and apparently he passed muster. He was engaged at twelve dollars a week, for which he played the minister and also stood passing out handbills before every performance.

During his school days he had frequently spent his vacations assisting in his father's millinery business; and it was there that he got his first ideas of comedy.

"I used to try on all kinds of hats and stand before the mirror making fun of them and of myself in them," Ed told me. "I could always make people laugh at my father's hats—which was fun for me but not so good for the business."

Today he never attempts a comedy scene, even over the radio, without wearing some sort of absurd headgear.

Ed Wynn

How a Heart Sick with Sorrow Makes the World Laugh . . . An Arresting Look at the Man Behind a Famous Comic Mask

by CLARA BERANGER

"I can't act funny unless I look funny," he says. "I have to look the fool in order to play the fool."

His dressing room at Radio City is full of all sorts of costumes. William Crowley, the valet who has served him many years, is kept busy on broadcast nights helping Ed make a selection from the queerest assortment of freak hats; and he has enough crazy neckties and coats to fill two or three wardrobe trunks.

But the one constant part of his apparel, without which he has never made an appearance in twenty-eight years, is a pair of patched, disreputable-looking brogans bought in Pittsburgh in 1906 for three dollars and a half.

They are Ed's most prized possession. With him they have climbed from obscurity to fame. Cobblers all over the country have repaired them until there is not a scrap of the original leather left. They look like an old-fashioned crazy quilt. Ed figures that to date they have cost him $1,800 in repairs and have trod over 5,000 miles of stage boards. Because they served as a foundation for his first successful buffoonery, he feels that he cannot make an appearance without them; that he would be a complete flop if they were lost or stolen. To protect himself against such a contingency he has them insured for $100,000.

Photo Albert Davis

Hilda Keenan as she was in 1914, when Ed Wynn met her.

After that first engagement with the barnstorming troupe Ed Wynn went into vaudeville, playing in different skits with different partners over a period of eleven years, touring the country in the three-a-day. Many times he must have thought of his comfortable quarters at home. But he wouldn't go back.

The Ed Wynn of today might easily pass for the prosperous businessman his father wanted him to be. Off the stage there is not a trace of the clown with the silly lisp, the laugh, and the "so-o-o-o" that has become his radio trade-mark.

It took him twelve years to gain New York recognition. It was in 1914 that the late Flo Ziegfeld saw Ed in a vaudeville act and engaged him. His very first appearance in the Ziegfeld Follies landed him right on New York's funny bone.

The same year a girl named Hilda Keenan, daughter of the famous actor Frank Keenan, was playing in Within the Law. A friend introduced Ed Wynn to her. They fell in love at first sight, and after a short intense courtship they were married.

For several years Ed knew bliss. He bought a small home on Long Island and settled down in perfect contentment. When a son was born he felt that life was just too good to be true.

It was. Hilda Keenan Wynn became ill with a serious nervous disorder which has lasted intermittently through the years.

The glory of success, of professional triumphs and financial reward, has signified little to a heart torn at its roots by loneliness and grief. Ed Wynn is grateful that his money can provide the best of everything for his sick wife. But for himself money means nothing. He lives a life of almost monastic simplicity.

His son Keenan, a tall handsome lad of eighteen, has been away most of the time at school. Ed hoped that the boy would not want to go on the stage, but, remembering his own experience, did not interfere. And now Keenan Wynn is getting his first training in a summer stock company.

Always Ed has had sympathy for the underdog. During the actors' strike in 1919 he labored hard and ardently in their behalf. He gave every available moment of his time, every ounce of his energy to help bring about conditions that today are part of every Actors' Equity contract.

When the peace treaty was signed, all the strikers were re-engaged. All but Ed Wynn. He was outlawed. No manager would engage him.

Desperate, he went from one office to another. To no avail. Such a blacklisting would have wrecked a less courageous and bellicose spirit. He pretended to throw up the sponge and apparently retired to his little home on Long Island.

"Hope he has saved enough to live on," one manager was heard to say. "He'll never come back to Broadway."

He came back six weeks later. With a play in his pocket which he had written for himself—the libretto, lyrics, music, everything. He went a step further and announced that he would be his own manager.

Ed Wynn's Carnival was a tremendous success, running in New York and on tour for 117 weeks. Although later he was again to appear under outside management, he successfully produced three more plays—The Perfect Fool, The Grab Bag, and The Laugh Parade.

With the responsibility of management came heavier financial risks and more arduous duties. After proper consultation with a lawyer, Ed decided to form a regular production company and incorporate his interests.

He thought he was well within his legal rights. But the federal authorities thought otherwise. Under Section 220 of the Income Tax Law, the United States government attacked Ed, questioning his motives in forming the corporation and inflicting a heavy penalty.

He swore he'd fight the case if it took every penny he had.

"This is not justice—it's persecution," he said. "I'll carry it through every court in the country, even up to the Supreme Court if necessary."

So far he has lost out. But he isn't through, by any means. He meant what he said about fighting it through to the finish.

Meantime he goes on the air week after week and acts the clown for your amusement; and his popularity increases with every broadcast.

This was proved by a transcontinental contact trip he took last year. Every city at which he stopped en route held a reception in his honor, no matter what time the train arrived. Midnight at Kansas City, seven thirty in the morning at Albuquerque, it was always the same—a huge crowd waiting to welcome the radio comedian. "We don't regard you merely as an actor," they told him. "We think of you as a member of the family because you come regularly to our homes."

At one stop a crippled boy was brought to the station on a stretcher just to see Ed Wynn and thank him in person for his healing gift of laughter!

THE END

Vox Pop

METABOLIC CRANIOPATHY

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.—At a recent meeting of medical men at Atlantic City the discovery of a hitherto obscure disease was announced. To this disease has been given the name of metabolic craniopathy. It is caused by deposits

of bone that form in an individual's brain cavity. In other words, his brains become ossified.

Many of society's troubles are caused by conferring power and influence upon persons whose gray matter is in a state of ossification. The depression was caused by ossified brains. Now that it has been authoritatively recognized and named, the medical authorities should move sternly to control ossified brains.—*Graph Waldeyer.*

BIRTHMARK

BOSTON, MASS.—In June 1 Liberty R. E. Doan in Tisn't So stated that a mother cannot birthmark her unborn child. I beg to differ with R. E. Doan, for I myself have a daughter so marked, and know others marked so. R. E. Doan need only ask a doctor to verify my statement.—*Mrs. M. Borg.*

DIVORCE NOT EASY ENOUGH?

RENTON, WASH.—Has divorce so lowered American morals that we resignedly accept it as a permanent institution and weakly suggest that divorce is not easy enough?—*Marie Laskinsky.*

STUDY THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—Possibly you will have space in your Vox Pop pages for a line to commend your publication, in July 13 Liberty, of the Declaration of Independence.

It seems to some of us that it is most timely to examine this document again and that there is perhaps more need for such a declaration now than there was 160 years ago.—*Wm. Marriott Canby.*

DES MOINES, IA.—Your printing of the Declaration of Independence is indeed a timely act. Like many others, I had not read it for years, and I am astounded at how far our government of today has digressed from that ideal government installed on July 4, 1776.—*Irene Barquist.*

MCCAMEY, TEX.—I suggest that every organization set aside a night solely for the purpose of studying the Declaration of Independence. I mean really study it and learn the reason for its being written and adapt its complaints to our own.—*Eugene A. Flinn.*

SILLY TO CHANGE NAME

CLEVELAND, OHIO—The writer has read with interest the several articles appearing in Liberty during the past year written by Mr. J. Franklin.

The writer has just learned that Mr. J. Franklin's actual name is J. Franklin Carter and that he is drawing a $5,200 salary per year from the Department of Agriculture. This fact must have been known to you and likewise you must know from your large experience in newspaper and periodical work that it is practically impossible for any one to write an unbiased article about some one who pays his salary.

In view of the above information we believe it would be only a legitimate procedure if, when you publish articles signed by Mr. J. Franklin, you would tell who he is and what his connection is with the Department of Agriculture.—*R. D. Hickok, The Hickok Electrical Instrument Co.*

[The Editor of Liberty replies:

I am sorry to tell you that you do not understand the facts in this case.

Mr. Franklin has written under the name of Jay Franklin for years. His articles began to appear in Liberty in 1931 and he did not go into the Department of Agriculture until 1934.

It is almost impossible for any one to write a truly unbiased article, but it is possible to publish an unbiased magazine. The most casual study of the contents of Liberty will show that we have been the most consistently unbiased of any American publication today.

It is wrong to say that the name Jay Franklin is used to hide the fact that he is John Carter, now with the Department of Agriculture. The name of Jay Franklin was used before Franklin D. Roosevelt was nominated and long before the world had heard much of Tugwell and Wallace. It happens to be the name under which he wrote two books, and it was through these books that we came to know of him and engage him. Under this name, too, he has written for Vanity Fair. This name was established as a kind of trademark in Liberty and we would have been silly to change it.]

DOLLAR . . . THERMOMETER

FREDONIA, KAN.—Lowering the intrinsic value of a dollar to make it easier to pay our neighbor does not remedy real basic conditions any more than if the thermometer registered forty below and we changed the figures to forty above to save the peach crop.—*Wm. J. McPherson.*

TIRES OF SUGAR AND BREAD

GENESEO, ILL.—Can't you get an author or authoress to write a story, be it ever so short, having a brunette or redhead for the heroine? Since Gentlemen Prefer Blondes was published they all seem to be like sheep and are afraid to write about any one but blondes.

I start a story thinking to enjoy it, and it isn't two minutes until I learn about the hair—color "ripe wheat" or "honey," etc.

I like blondes, but one tires of sugar and bread every meal. Give us a variety.—*G. Mack.*

HOW TO CHARM COBRAS

HOUSTON, TEX.—Mr. Thaddeus Shea made a bad mistake in his account of the hamadryad snake which appeared in The Man Who Played God Five Times (Liberty, June 22). He could not charm the snake with a native flute, for hamadryads, like the black snakes or common cobras, are deaf.

The secret of snake charming lies in the body movements of the one who is trying to charm the snake and not in fascinating it with music.

I have had experiences in running across cobras in India, and my advice to any one who ever finds himself con-

fronted by one is to run the other way. However, if in the cobra's striking distance, thrust something at his eyes (your hand, if necessary) and he will draw back instinctively. Under no circumstances try to play music at a poisonous cobra, as his bite is usually fatal.—*Miss Jhansis K.*

JUST FLOATING TARGETS

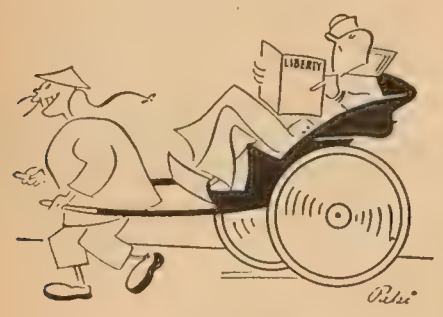
PAWNEE, OKLA.—In July 20 Vox Pop a gentleman, Jo Gish, seems to know all there is to know about airplane versus battleship.

What use a forty-million-dollar battleship is to our country puzzles me when one plane with two men could absolutely sink it quickly.

Although I'm just a reserve officer and in business in a small town, I would welcome the chance to prove to Mr. Jo Gish the stupidity of spending millions and millions on floating targets that any aviator with proper training could and would welcome the job of sinking.—*W. A. Lincoln.*

GOB IN PRINCESS'S LAP

CHEFOO, NORTH CHINA—I finished reading Liberty the other day while riding down the street. As there was no trash can handy, I gave the copy to my ricksha coolie. Imagine my surprise, the next day, when I found that he had made seat covers out of it for his rick-



sha and I found myself sitting in Princess Alexandra Kropotkin's lap!

The princess should give her page some tough name, though, like Crooners' Corner or Pansy's Page. Then it wouldn't be so embarrassing to have some one catch you reading it.—*Justa Gob, U. S. S. Black Hawk.*

PASSING JUDGMENT ON FABER

SPRINGFIELD, ILL.—I was very much impressed by the article written for Liberty by the condemned murderer, Abraham Faber.

You asked: Do we agree with him? Well, frankly, I do—and I don't. I say I don't because we cannot possibly countenance criminal practices; yet I do as far as he is concerned, inasmuch as I feel that I understand how he felt toward society, for I *feel the same way!*—*J. H. MacA.*

SEATTLE, WASH.—In my personal opinion I believe that Faber was right in his contention that society was responsible for his plight.—*Watkin L. Evans.*

NEWTON, MASS.—Who could agree with Faber? Here was simply a defective human unit, putty-willed and easily influenced, grown to maturity with a swaggering egotism which led him to consider gigantic criminal enterprises. —*W. Mark Noble, Jr.*

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.—In my opinion, the State of Massachusetts made a marvelous investment in the thirty cents' worth of electrical current it so kindly tendered Abraham Faber.—*C. M. Williams.*

FLINT, MICH.—I have just read A. Faber's article, and I think he is absolutely right. It's society's fault. Every child from school age on should have a physical and mental examination once each year. If that were done we'd have less crime and fewer prisons and asylums.—*R. E. Cotterman.*

WASHINGTON, ILL.—I am seething inside! That posthumous article by Abraham Faber causes my intense emotion, which is largely a feeling of derision toward the deceased. Faber's numerous indictments of society remind me of a rattlesnake whose rattles continue to give their ominous sound long after its death.—*Wellington Heyl.*

SHALL THE DEAD RISE AGAIN?

JACKSON, MISS.—Bernarr Macfadden's editorial of July 20, Shall the Dead Rise Again? hits the spot with 99.9 per cent of the people. It was just that thing they all *thought* but had not said for many reasons.—*J. B. Huddleston.*

CHARLESTON, W. VA.—I have read the Bernarr Macfadden editorials in Liberty with interest and generally in agreement, but Shall the Dead Rise Again? is a distinct disappointment.

The NRA was a measure to meet an emergency unparalleled in history; it saved business and human life; the necessity for it was not ended and to have continued it for a time would have been helpful to America and its people.—*J. F. Bedell.*

JACKSONVILLE, FLA.—I am in a position to appreciate the editorial in Liberty of July 20.

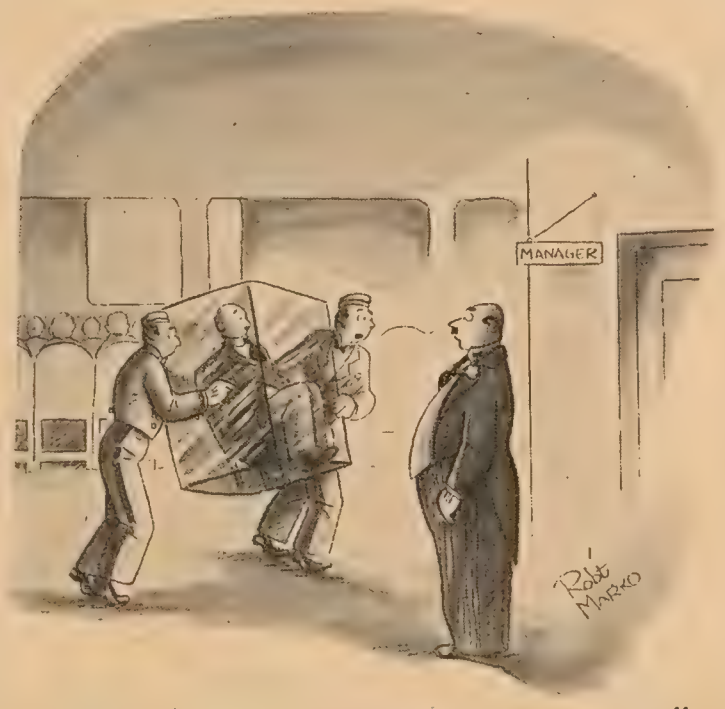
NRA has been a monopolizing price-raising influence, as you state, and has made it practically impossible to live on the salary as it stood throughout its administration.—*Linda F. Sheddan.*

HAT OFF TO BRAIN STORMS

NEW BEDFORD, MASS.—Whoever pans Vox Pop, ignore 'em. It's the first thing I look for in Liberty, and I get many laughs from those two pages—and God knows we all need laughing material in these days!

Next comes Liberty's Short Short, which grows better and better with each issue. I'm also taking off my hat to Ted Shane. His puzzle in the July 6 issue has me up a tree—the first I haven't finished to the last word.

More power to you, Ted! I only wish Liberty printed your brain storms every week.—*I. M. Satisfied.*



"He sat too near the cooling system, sir!"

FROM ONE WHO BOILS

HUNTINGDON, PA.—I am boiling. Enclosed is a small American flag. Notice carefully the paper label attached to the standard: Made in Japan.

Now comes the denouement. The said flag was distributed by a fraternal organization at a patriotic meeting on June 14 last, which is Flag Day! Shades of Betsy Ross and Francis Scott Key!

Believe you me, we should at least "buy American" American flags. That would be a "good buy, America"—not "good-by, America."—*Patria.*

I NEVER WON A DIME

MODESTO, CALIF.—I am a sucker. Every week I fork over four bits for a clearing-house lottery ticket; twice a year I send $2.60 to Ireland; every once in a while I buy a piece of paper marked Australian Commonwealth Sweepstakes or Army and Navy of Canada.

I have never won a dime. I do not play cards for money, bet on the races, or fool with slot machines. I consider

that gambling and feel I cannot afford it. A lottery is something else again. The chance is not even .00035 of one per cent, but there *is* a chance. But look at it through a sucker's eyes.

I am a clerk. Most likely I will always be a clerk.—*C. S. W.*

STOP COOING OVER THE QUINTUPLETS

TERRE HAUTE, IND.—This is the mother of nine children speaking her mind. Liberty (June 29) and Marguerite Mooers Marshall certainly have their nerve. The idea of inflicting upon us that article about the Dionne babies! Why prolong the agony?

In the first place, what is so wonderful about quintuplets? Dogs, cats, and many other animals have as many as six, eight, ten, and even fifteen in one litter! When humans produce more than one at a time it simply proves that we are nearer the animal kingdom than is generally admitted.

There are at present far too many people in the world and yet we encourage mass production of more! Millions of men, women, and children are this very minute suffering from a lack of the necessities, and yet the simple and sentimental coo over and praise the birth of quintuplets. Disgusting!

It is high time the government regulated the birth rate.—*Mrs. Timothy Schleibermann.*

From Mid-Ocean

by PRINCESS

LINGUIST, FRIEND OF THE FAMOUS IN EURO

READING TIME ● 8 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

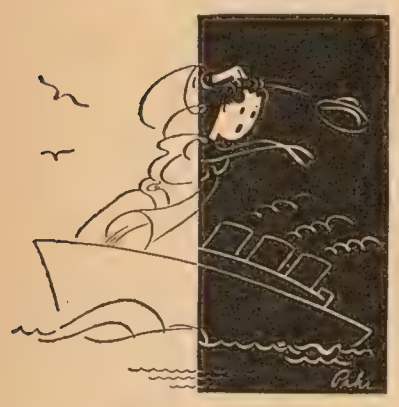
ON some wave in the Atlantic Ocean floats the hat of the daughter-in-law of the President of France.

This Normandie boat goes so fast you can't stick your head outside the glass-protected decks. If you do the speed-wind whams your hat off and leaves it riding the briny many a mile behind you. That's what happened to le chapeau of la daughter-in-law of Monsieur le Président. And lots of other hats went the same route.

MME. ALBERT LEBRUN

We are bound for Europe on the newest, fastest, biggest, most luxurious liner in the world, skippered by Captain René Pugnet (pronounced Poon-yey), with a glittering cargo of high officials, famous heirs and heiresses, movie stars, writers, artists, business leaders.

Now what do you think I hear my fellow passengers talking about on this speed queen of the sea? I hear them say, "Wait until we *fly over through the stratosphere.* Then we'll really be getting somewhere!"



● Invitation to the de luxe Caen Suite for a tête-à-tête with Mme. Albert Lebrun, First Lady of France, wife of the French President. Into her drawing room I walk through a tiled garden where fountains splash amid growing flowers. Mme. Lebrun is dark, petite, vivacious. Up she jumps to greet me. We talk.

"No land in the world," she says, "could be greener than Normandy. That was why I wore a green dress and a green hat when I christened this ship."

Today she wears black and pink—classic French combination. Wishes she and the girls—her daughter and daughter-in-law—could have stayed longer in America. Fell in love with Hyde Park, New York, where they visited President Roosevelt's mother. Mme. Lebrun spoke of childhood vacations on her grandma's Norman estate—the apple blossoms, then the apples, then the *gallons* of cider they used to drink. (Don't I know! I, too, spent young holidays in Normandy!)

"We're the only *real* Normans aboard," laughed France's First Lady. "Most of the sailors seem to be Bretons—and you know the ancient feud between Brittany and Normandy."

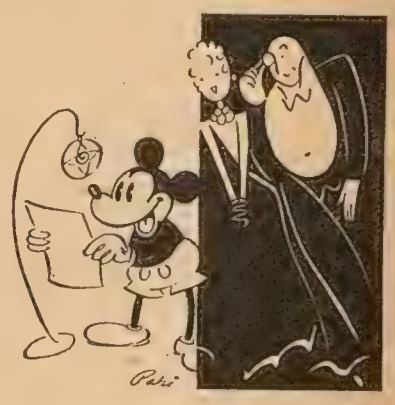
● M. Mouse came aboard between the vegetables and the fruit. Those four Disneys, Walt and Lily, brother Roy and Mrs. Roy, sneaked up the kitchen gangplank to avoid public ballyhoo. They were preceded by a crate of lettuce, followed by a box of melons. Irate French stewards tried to stop them, but who can stop Mickey Mouse?

The Disneys are tourists this summer. I introduced them to Clara Laughlin of So-You're-Going fame. Clara and Walt went right into a huddle—how to see the château country, the cathedrals, etc.

Two days out, he learned he'd be called on for a radio broadcast in French. We wrote a little talk for him to make. "Get in the word *voilà,*" said Walt. "That's my best French word." So we rewrote his speech to get in a couple of *voilàs.* Later we caught him rehearsing secretly to a delighted steward and a member of the orchestra.

● Notes from my Normandie log:

All the most attractive men dancing every dance with gorgeous mannequins from the Paris fashion houses, much to the wrath and envy of us ordinary gals. . . . Thomas H. McInnerney, National Dairy Products chief, brings a case of *milk* aboard for his friends. . . . Richard Dix prefers champagne. . . . Anne Morgan emerges from the solitary splendor of her sky-blue-satin suite to attend a party I give for the Walt Disneys. . . . Ganna Walska saying ruefully, as she watches the Hepburn-Boyer film, Break of Hearts, "No man ever loved *me* like that!" . . . Jimmy Donahue, of Woolworth five-and-ten fortune, sedately deck-trotting. . . . Senator André Honnorat, once French Minister of Education, reminiscing about my father and old Socialist meetings in Paris. . . . No American magazines or novels at the ship's newsstand. . . . Cocktails at the swimming-pool bar with Baron and Baroness Philippe de Rothschild, she in beautifully tailored white-flannel pajamas (she's the best dressed woman aboard). . . . Big Hollywood star playing poker by day and by night with two French newspaper owners—and did they take him for puh-lenty! . . . Evening visions of Anna Clayburgh in a scarlet gown with padded revers of cloth of gold. Birdie Bergstrom of Nina, Wisconsin, in yellow embroidered organdie. Pat Patterson in high-necked white with orchids under her chin.



● Over our richly burdened table—over helpings of caviar, lobster, duckling in wine—loomed a gigantic, a very peculiar bird made of ice and lit by colored lights. Captain Pugnet happened to be my dinner partner that evening. "What kind of bird," I asked him, "is that supposed to be? Is it a peacock, by any chance?"

"Hush!" the captain whispered. "It *used to be* a peacock. But American ladies are superstitious. They say peacocks bring bad luck. So our cook is making it over gradually into another kind of bird. At present we don't quite know what kind of bird he has in mind."

● Colette says *all cats understand French.* Told me she spoke to several during her brief Manhattan visit. "I talked French to them," she said, "and your New York

to the *Ladies!*

ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

ND DESCENDANT OF THE FIRST CZAR OF RUSSIA

cats understood me perfectly. Other New Yorkers didn't."

Mme. Colette, clever Parisian authoress, was one of the interesting people I met on board. Cats are her joy. She owns two—a tabby and a tom. Her tabby eats cantaloupe, asparagus, roast chestnuts. The tom seemed to be a sissy until his voice changed overnight from high soprano to deep baritone. Then he turned out to be a tough guy.

We had a distinguished feline passenger—cat named Dinah—belonging to a much traveled lady from the State o' Maine. Dinah wears rubber pants and jeweled collars, globe-trots everywhere with her mistress, adores vaudeville shows and handsome men in uniform. Yet the English officials wouldn't exempt her from their cat-and-dog quarantine. So Dinah went sailing back as a personal guest of Captain Pugnet.

● Tibet is one of the places you can go to for a *complete* change—and get it. Nothing in Tibet is like anything anywhere else in the world. Harrison Forman, young man from Milwaukee, went exploring there; plans to go back before long. Author, lecturer, aviator, he climbed the forbidden mountains and hobnobbed with the sacred lamas.

Here are some Tibetan habits you might pick up if you went to Tibet and turned native:

You could have a flock of husbands.

You could wear all your money braided in your hair.

You could milk a yak.

Harrison Forman studied Oriental history and languages at the University of Wisconsin, has been a fur trapper in Canada, a forest ranger in Yellowstone Park, prospector in Mexico, sailor before the mast, American business agent in China, air pilot, and war correspondent.

He looks exactly as you think a young man of adventure should look. "Tall, dark, and handsome," Mae West would say.

● Beauty experts are recalling our attention to the value of rain water as a facial cosmetic. Rain water can be bottled for use when skies are dry, but the fresher it is, the more beneficial. Rain bathing is said to have been one of the beauty secrets of ancient Persia, where women were celebrated for their clear fine skin.

● A man was refused final citizenship papers in the United States recently because he wouldn't stand up and give a lady his seat in the federal court where they were both waiting to become citizens—citizens with equal rights.

As a feminist, I regret this case. I don't like such a mixture of gallantry and equality. It hurts us more than it helps us. Either we women are capable of standing on our own feet, or we need masculine protection. If we need masculine protection we must expect to pay for it. We must surrender certain rights to our men. But if we demand equality, we also must pay for that. We must surrender many of the special privileges we obtained under the old system of chivalry.

HARRISON FORMAN

● Is it polite, a reader inquires, to ask questions about portrait photographs in other people's homes? She says, "I've been told it isn't good manners to show any curiosity about personal photographs unless your host or hostess brings the subject up."

Why not? Why exhibit such pictures if they're too private to be noticed and discussed?

● An elderly businessman took the midnight plane for home after a hard day's work in a distant city. He was dog-tired. Went right to sleep with the plane throbbing and roaring through the night.

Awoke in sepulchral darkness, in abysmal quiet. There was no more vibration, no noise of motors, not a sound from the living world. At length, out of the deep nothingness he heard unearthly voices, voices sweet and strange. He didn't dare move.

"This is it!" he told himself. "We crashed and I'm dead. I can hear angels singing."

Then a hand touched him. "Eight o'clock, sir," said an airport attendant. "You were so sound asleep when you arrived this morning that we didn't want to wake you. We put the plane in the hangar, pulled down your window shade, and let you go on sleeping."

Out stepped the elderly businessman in broad daylight. Up under the roof of the hangar some little birds were chirping. They accounted for his *angel voices*. You can imagine his immense relief.

● Gove Hambidge has written a fascinating true-life book about a city couple trying their luck on a farm. Enchanted Acre is the title. (Published by Whittlesey House.)

● Green beans are served this excellent way at country hotels in France. I never had them before.

Cut your green beans in lozenges, cook 12 minutes in boiling water, then drain and fry 3 minutes in butter with 1 slice onion. Prepare a purée of white navy beans, soaked, cooked, and passed through a sieve. Mix fried green beans into the purée, 2 parts beans to 1 part purée. Add 1 tablespoon cream. Sprinkle with parsley. Serve hot.

DUSKY DYNAMITE

A Revealing Close-up of Joe Louis, the Sensational New Menace to the White Man's Supremacy in the Prize Ring

by JIMMY POWERS

READING TIME ● 8 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

A WHIRLWIND campaign unequaled in prize-ring history has brought the ominous shadow of Joe Louis, twenty-one-year-old Detroit auto mechanic, squarely across the doorstep of white heavyweight champion James J. Braddock.

Louis feints, weaves, crouches, and punches in a manner reminiscent of Sam Langford, Peter Jackson, Joe Gans. On his record, he is the best fighter his race has produced since Jack Johnson; and he is a terrific hitter with either hand, whereas Johnson's sole weapon of note was a right uppercut delivered in a mauling clinch.

Jack Dempsey and Gene Tunney both insist that Louis is Challenger No. 1. Jack grinned wryly when he saw the bloody hulk of Carnera smashed into the resin. "I'm glad I don't have to play catch with that baby," he said. Gene said, "Louis is such a good boxer and such a paralyzing hitter that all you have to do is make a wrong lead, one mistake, and—boom!—the fight's over."

Louis, if he continues his sensational pace through the autumn fights, will fight for the world title in the summer of 1936. Madison Square Garden controls Champion Braddock. A rival promotor, Mike Jacobs, has tied up Louis. But Braddock, confident that he can beat Louis, confided to this writer: "I'll give Louis a shot anyway. They say the gate will go to one million dollars. I'll fight anybody for that money!"

The secret of Louis's success lies in his sloping shoulders, loose muscles, strong legs, and short-coupled body. His fists are big, bony, and he can fire punches from any position. He is a beautiful boxer, sidling, swaying, bobbing, and weaving constantly. To top it all, he is a fine feinter. Feinting is a long-lost art. Louis revived it. He feints well with his head, shoulders, elbows, hips, and even his eyebrows.

Once he laces on his gloves, he is merciless. He hires the best sparring partners available, all colored men, and he whales them into unconsciousness. While training he wears a cold, deadly expression, the same fearsome glint Jack Dempsey had. During an interview he is alternately sleepy-eyed or sullen. He answers questions politely enough but he volunteers no information. If he does not wish to answer a question he stares at you. Only once in all the months that Promoter Mike Jacobs had business with him did Mike hear him laugh. Mike telephoned Louis to tell him his share of the Carnera gate was $44,636. There was a second of silence; then a low chuckle rolled into the receiver. "Boy," came the voice, "'at's pretty good foh six rounds."

Louis has no ambitions other than the winning of the championship. He has no vices. He is phlegmatic. He has already built a $25,000 home for his mother, bought her a $3,000 automobile, and salted the rest of his earnings in annuities.

He neither drinks nor smokes. He dates no girls. "He's the eatingest and sleepingest darky I've ever seen," says his trainer. His press agent tried to put over the Tiger Flowers stunt of having him read a Bible before his bouts. Louis turned it down with "I'm a fighter—not an actor."

Between rounds in all his fights he stares intently at his enemy. "He watches his man like a dog waiting for the icebox door to open," was the way Dempsey put it.

Louis avoids white friends. "I figure," he says, "that if I did run around with 'em every one would say, 'What is that bird busting in and pushing himself ahead for?' I don't want to give any one an excuse to say that. I'm going to make my people proud of me."

Louis despises Jack Johnson. He has had him thrown out of his camp. "Jack brought disgrace on my race. I intend to win the world title and bring credit."

The flaws in Louis's make-up are the mistakes of youth, such as his frequent circling clockwise into Carnera's right-hand arc, his temptation to drop his guard altogether when he has a man staggering, and his chin.

Louis has no concrete button. When he is tagged he drops to the deck just like the next one.

Johnny Miler, former Olympic amateur, nailed Louis seven times in an amateur bout and seven times Louis kissed the canvas. He arose and endured a beating. He has since improved immeasurably. His defense has tightened—but his chin is still the same glass chin.

Louis was an Alabama cotton-field pickaninny. His full name is Joseph Louis Barrow. Munn and Lily Barrow, his parents, were share-cropping farmers of Lafayette, Alabama. Joe's birthday was May 13, 1914. He was the lucky seventh of eight children.

Two years after his birth Pappy Barrow died. Joe's mother had down-home neighbors who had migrated to Detroit. They wrote glowing accounts of their prosperity. Mammy Barrow packed her brood into a battered bus and headed for this Michigan Mecca.

For a while it was tough sledding. The Barrows discovered that Woodward Avenue was not paved with gold. Meanwhile Joe Louis acquired a stepdaddy in one Patrick Brooks, a sober, industrious day laborer.

At twelve Joe had a part-time job as "assistant" on an ice truck. The Barrow-Brooks budget forced him out of school to learn the trade of cabinetmaking. He had a chum named Thurston McKinney, an amateur boxer. While training for a tournament Thurston's sparring partner became ill. Joe was drafted. His aptitude so impressed Atler Ellis, club instructor, that he persuaded

Jimmy Powers, New York City's youngest sports editor, was born in Ohio and was educated in Wisconsin, then worked a while on farms and in oil fields. He is now 32. His hobbies? Golf—and "trying," he says, "to keep from getting my pants wet sailing in a catboat."

the boy to continue the sport and gave him his first boxing lessons.

Shortly, at sixteen, Joe went to work in the Ford plant. Evenings he boxed the best amateurs in the neighborhood, club, city, and state tournaments. He scored forty-three knockouts in fifty-four bouts before he turned pro.

Joe was whipped four times as an amateur. His conquerors in the years from 1930 to 1934 were Johnny Miler, who decisioned him in his debut; Clinton Bridges, 1935 National light-heavyweight champion who recently turned pro; Max Marek, Notre Dame football player who beat Joe in the 175-pound National A. A. U. finals at Boston in '33; and Stanley Evans. Joe climaxed his amateur career by winning the 1934 National A. A. U. light-heavy title at St. Louis.

Two colored men, John Roxborough, Michigan graduate (his brother Charles is a member of the Michigan Legislature), and Julian Black, a Chicago insurance agent, manage Louis. Both were well-to-do when they came across him. Roxborough took Joe into his home and, to avoid litigation, became his legal guardian. When he turned pro, July 4, 1934, they placed him in Jack Blackburn's care. He says he owes everything to Blackburn.

A great colored lightweight at the turn of the century, Blackburn had fought Joe Gans, Philadelphia Jack O'Brien, and other headliners. He had fought four draws with Sam Langford! He offered to work free if Joe Louis failed to make the grade. For four months he lived, slept, and ate with Louis. He taught him how to shift, how to move in under rights, how to twist his raking left hooks, how to feint, how to tie up men in the clinches.

"Joe is ready, boss," he announced to Roxborough one afternoon a year ago last spring. "And, boss, we got the best colored fighter of all time!"

Joe polished off a pack of palookas in Chicago and Detroit during the summer and fall of '34. All but two of his first seven professional fights ended in knockouts.

BLACKBURN craftily "stepped up" the caliber of the opposition. Joe kayoed Art Sykes in eight rounds, October 24, and a week later dusted off Jack O'Dowd in two. Blackburn took no chances of overmatching until the time arrived for the first "name" fight.

Stanley Poreda, who held a decision over Primo Carnera, was booked at Chicago. On the night of November 14 Louis flattened Stanley in one round!

Charley Massera, an able second-rater notches above Poreda, was next. Chicago gamblers, suspecting that Joe at last had overstepped himself, laid odds against him. Charley did start well when the two met in the Stadium November 30. He beat a two-fisted tattoo on Joe's stomach. He gouged his ribs, slammed him about the head. Joe weathered this attack and went out, wooden-faced and crouching, in the third round. His snaky left lashed out, his right found its target, and Massera fell with a brain concussion.

Blackburn then urged the two managers to negotiate a match with a smart speedy boxer. Lee Ramage of Los Angeles was brought to Chicago. It took Joe eight rounds to get to Ramage. His next opponent was the iron man, Patsy Perroni. The Italian was dumped four times, and at the end of the tenth Joe's soggy red glove was raised. This was in Detroit, January 5, this year.

Hans Birkie fought Louis in Pittsburgh on January 11. Joe went along with Hans until the last round, and then stretched him. Blackburn explained, "I told Joe not to stop Birkie until I gave the word. 'Go along with him and learn something,' I whispered. When the bell rang for the tenth I said 'Go get him, Chappy.' He did."

Louis fought Ramage again, this time in Los Angeles on Washington's Birthday. Art Lasky was in the ring when Joe and Ramage were introduced. "I'll fight the winner!" shouted Art melodramatically. Louis knocked out Ramage in the second round—as he had predicted. Art took the next plane to New York. He fought Braddock and was punched into obscurity in the bout that earned Jim his shot at Max Baer.

Joe and his entourage motored north, stopping at San Francisco to obliterate Red Barry. Then Joe signed to meet Natie Brown on March 28. The rugged Natie went the distance but took the cruelest beating of his picturesque career. Louis next picked up easy money in five soft bouts—and then came Carnera.

"I never told anybody this, but do you know how I was able to tell Carnera was ready?" Louis asked. "I punched him around the stomach for five rounds, softening him, letting him tire. When he came out for the sixth I saw he had planted his feet flat and spread them much wider than they were in the first round. 'Oho!' I said to myself; 'he's ripe!' So I started to pitch at his chin. He went down like an axed steer."

THE END

Joe Louis. "Glad I don't have to play catch with him!" said Dempsey as Joe socked Carnera.

DRAWING BY COLE BRADLEY

Public Sweetheart NUMBER ONE

He looked thin—worn, but his face was strong and handsome. His arms went up, like a child.

Clouds Darken the Dawn of a New Day for Happiness in the Heart-Searching Story of a Woman Who Loved Not Wisely but Too Well

READING TIME
31 MINUTES 50 SECONDS

THIS is Violet Chester's amazing life story—the story of an unambitious chorine transformed by fate and tragedy into a famous star. Archie O'Riley was her true love, and her husband for a few hours, but he left her in disgust and annulled their marriage when he found Tommie Greeley, a rich admirer, in her room. Greeley died there. He was ill when he came to say good-by. Archie never knew that. Yet, after Violet had married playboy Lester Roth, he saw her on her second honeymoon, swept her off her feet—and "Boof," his child, was born, only to be taken away by Lester. An innocent evening with Eddie Reynolds—actually a plot by Lester to secure a divorce—and Violet was footloose once more. Fate again drove her into Archie's arms—as a dancing partner but nothing more. He was married to Fernand, a French ballerina. So Violet fled to the arms of Dr. Bertram McAllister, married him, and then lost him. He was killed in an automobile crash.

Archie went to war, promising—if he returned—to return to her. And Violet went to Hollywood to become a success in the movies. But tragedy stalked her there. Archie's letters suddenly stopped. All efforts to locate him were futile. Then, to stifle scandalous gossip, Violet married her director, Gene Towers—a loveless match that culminated in the divorce court a few years later.

Meanwhile other troubles had arisen. Her crippled sister Mildred had married Arnold, a young engineering student. But Violet knew it was a cold bargain with a cash settlement involved, arranged by her mother. Her ne'er-do-well brother Teddy was a constant source of worry. She was given her label as Public Sweetheart Number One by Eddie Reynolds

by DORA MACY

Author of Night Nurse

ILLUSTRATION BY
JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

when he introduced her to Frazzoli, Public Enemy Number Two, while returning from a Far East cruise. Frazzoli learned of Eddie's part in framing Violet. The following night Reynolds "fell" overboard and was drowned. Back home again, Violet heard from Archie. He was hopelessly disabled—paralyzed from the hips down—but wanted to see her. Through a mysterious intermediary, a "Miss Hinklebaum," a meeting was arranged. Violet drove to the address.

PART EIGHT—WORLDS APART

I TOLD the driver to come back in an hour and wait at the corner undertaker's if he had to wait all day. Then I hurried up the sagging stone steps and into an ill-smelling vestibule. I found the bell through a blur of tears, and heard the old-fashioned click of the lock. I pushed my way in.

I knocked timidly.

"Come in," Archie called.

He was in a worn chair, a faded blue blanket wrapped around his legs. He looked thin—worn, but his face was strong and handsome . . . his eyes were darkest blue . . .

His arms went up, like a child.

We laughed, and we cried, and we talked all in a rush, hurrying in on each other.

But after that first embrace a shyness and hesitancy crept into our talk. The drab room, the minutiae of daily domestic life were like a swift-flowing torrent separating us. . . . I didn't want to go and leave him, yet the feeling weighted me, saddening me. . . . I was no part of this man's actual world. I was only his dream. I didn't belong at all, and none of them would let me in, let me help, let me share . . .

"I have lunch all fixed for you," he grinned. "I'm a master cook, and a damn good dishwasher."

"Let me do it," I pleaded eagerly.

"No. Just push me out into the kitchen."

Carefully I pushed his chair through a narrow darkish corridor.

"That's the twins' room," and we paused at an unbelievably dark court room. "Fernand used to paint things up. She got tired of it, I guess. She works too hard anyway. She runs a hat shop. She's not doing

badly. She seldom clears less than sixty a month, often a lot more, depending upon the seasons."

"That—and your pension—" I began.

"Yes, but we're all right," he said sharply. "In less than two years now I can take my bar exams. I'll be earning, myself, before long."

"That means you want me to keep out."

He nodded.

Archie was determined to be jolly. On a table in the kitchen he had a platter of cold eggs which he himself had boiled that morning, he told me. He began to slice and butter toast, brew tea with surprising agility.

"I'd give you a napkin, only they'd suspect," he grinned boyishly. "All the rest of this I can clean away and nobody will guess."

"Where are the twins?"

"I let them go to the park, and gave them a quarter each. They like to row on the lake and their mother never lets them. They won't tell her because she'd raise the roof."

The food was tallow in my mouth, but I tried to match his gaiety.

I cleaned up for him after our lunch. Much to his amusement, for I was less good in a kitchen than he was. We went back to the parlor, and he showed me some of his work, and permitted me to make a list of books he wanted.

And Lora?

Lora was in China, where her husband had been transferred several years ago from the Philippines. She had a son of her own now and she took care of the two youngest sisters.

There was a sharp threesome ring on the door buzzer, and Archie's eyes narrowed.

"That's Ferdie," he gulped. "His ring. Would you mind, Vi—going into the kitchen?"

I shook my head and hurried out, turning to gather up my coat and gloves and purse. . . . From the kitchen I heard Archie give the release. And heard a kid's voice, all out of breath and raw with eagerness . . . Was pop all right? Did he want anything? Well, the boys were goin' to play marbles on the corner there . . .

"I'm going to take a nap." Archie's voice was indulgent. "But you see to it you're in here and clean before your mother gets back."

"Sure. Whatja think?"

I heard the door bang, and still waited until Archie called out to me.

"That was Ferdie," he said softly.

HE pointed toward the window, and I leaned over to see a kid in knee pants and blue shirt running down the street. He looked so shabby I caught my breath.

"Handsome boy," I said.

"I wish you knew them." Archie caught hold of my hand. "Do you ever see your son, Vi?"

"I'm just putting in a bid now. I haven't tried in years. He's older than your Ferdie."

"Yeah. Almost two years."

"Almost."

"Vi, don't you miss him? He's old enough now, if you saw him, wrote to him—your letters are so wonderful, Vi. You yourself aren't half as wonderful. Because you don't say the things you think."

I told him then how different my work had been since we had been writing. I told him of Hollywood, and of mother, and of Mildred's marriage. I described Hollywood, and wished openly that he could live there. The sun and the air would be so good for him.

"Maybe," he said wistfully. "Maybe as a lawyer I could earn a living there. You see, when I can really earn, I'll be more my own man."

We talked then of that possibility, growing excited and breathless with plans. If he would finish here, and come out—we could see each other occasionally . . . we would be so careful . . . it would be wonderful for the children . . . maybe I could get him a good connection with one of the studios . . . I was sure I could . . .

He leaned back suddenly, as if exhausted. Then he said:

"Beautiful, you'd better go. We don't want to be caught. It's been a glorious day—but it's over now."

I glanced at the clock. After four.

I stood up reluctantly.

I realized his hands were gripping the chair as if longing to spring to his feet. I felt frightened for him.

"All right. I'll go," I said.

"Good-by, Vi."

"Don't say good-by. I'm superstitious. Say what I want to hear."

"You're my real world, Vi, and you know it."

I put on my things without another glance and left the funny overcrowded parlor. I walked quickly to the corner, and found the cab but no driver. I honked his horn vigorously, and climbed inside. Presently he came, running. Through tears, I told him Cynthia's address.

I MIGHT have known better than to have a taxi waiting half the day at such a corner. Of course it would attract attention. One of the twins was playing marbles on the vacant lot across the way when I came out of the house. One of the other kids remembered that the driver had said he thought he was driving Violet Chester. And the word had circulated.

So the children had told Fernand and Fernand had faced Archie, and there was hell to pay.

She came into Cynthia's apartment at eight Tuesday morning. And before my face she waved a packet of letters—letters that I had written Archie and that he had promised to tear up, as he had made me promise to tear his . . . But evidently he had saved certain cherished ones—as I had saved some too.

She stood before me. So little. So worn and haggard. So ugly with rage. So pitiful that I couldn't hate her.

"You keep out of my life!" she screamed. "That's all I ask. You keep out of my life!"

"Oh, but Fernand—what does it matter if we write to each other? You know I love him. You know he loves me."

"He love you—bah! Slime! Slop! Did he love you enough to give me up? Did he love you enough to—"

"Don't!" insisted Cynthia, as I turned away.

"*You're* telling me!" sneered Fernand, grotesque and almost inhuman with contempt and anger. "You who couldn't hold your own husband! I'm warning you. If she doesn't leave me and my Archie alone, I'll fix her. If he hasn't a streak of decency left in him, I have. I've got four children. And there's not going to be any of your dirty scandals pinned on them. I'll take him so far away you'll never find him. He's no damn good to the community anyway. No good to himself or anybody else. The least he might do is die quietly and decently . . . Yes, die! He hasn't long to go, and he might admit it. I've put up with his insane law nonsense, and humored him, and now I find you started it. You! You leave him alone. You keep out of my life!"

I had turned on her. Just a blind animal with a desire to kill. I knew Cynthia came between us. I heard Fernand still screaming as from a great distance . . . "Keep—out—of—my—life—" . . .

I was ill for some time after that. I remember feeling very dead. Very tired.

I remember very little until I was on a boat with Cynthia. It seemed that Mildred was coming home from her honeymoon and mama felt she should be there. Because Teddy had brought home a wife from France. An American girl who was studying art. Who, it seemed, was unbelievable. Boasting of having sampled every form of degeneracy just so she'd know life better or something.

I don't remember much where we went. Cynthia managed everything. I did what she told me.

Then I remember one night I found Cynthia crying. Which sort of brought me to. Because nobody did much crying except me. And it seemed that Cynthia had a wire from Miss Hinklebaum. Who was no longer head of his Legion post, thanks to Fernand.

Sidney, my producer and boss, joined us in Paris. And described a visit he had made to the O'Rileys. He had dared to face Fernand in her own den, and he and Mr. and Mrs. Archie had talked. Later he asked to talk to Archie alone.

"He says," Sidney reported gravely, "that he's wretchedly sorry the whole thing happened and is worried about you. Worried about your future too. He wants me to ask you for his sake to carry on. He says to tell you he's going on with his law work. He can write you occasionally, he is sure, but for you not to answer. In the meantime he begs you to stand by like a good sport. Because it isn't fair to Fernand. And it isn't fair to the kids."

I could hear Archie's voice through Sidney's words.

"He asked me to give you this." Sidney passed me a book. A rather old book.

"Oh."

It was called Famous Trial Cases . . . and I looked at it puzzled.

"He said for you to read it." Sidney threw out his hands helplessly.

As soon as I was alone I started to plow through the book. And presently I found Archie's reason. By underlining words I found that he had made sentences. And that page after page contained a whole letter . . .

He said that sorry as he was about all that had happened, it had released him from a certain spiritual bond. Because his wife had told him she didn't love him. Hadn't loved him for years. She had stuck to her post because of religion and the children and she expected the same decency from him. That's all she asked—and Archie felt she was worth square treatment. But he felt freer now to write; unashamed now to express his true feelings. If we were careful nobody could deprive us of our poor satisfaction in letters. As long as we didn't hurt others. Nothing could keep us apart in spirit. We would find some way eventually to write each other. But not under any circumstances for me to write him until he found a completely safe way.

If Archie had courage enough to carry on, then, where did I come in to flop back in hysterics?

We all sailed home that week. In New York Rita came to the boat to greet us. She seemed vague. Her conversation was rather disjointed. And her eyes had a hypnotic stare.

"What's the matter with you?" I demanded sharply.

"I just feel rather punk." She shivered. "I—I'm all right."

She pinched her nose with a little nervous gesture, and I stared, horrified. I knew that gesture.

"My God, Rita!" I caught hold of her hand. It was icy. "When did you start that?"

SHE drew her hand away and laughed.

"I don't know what you're talking about, Vi!"

Sidney broke in on us, steering me to one side for flashlights. And I smiled and joked with the boys, and when I turned around Rita had gone. Slipped off.

I took Cynthia into my compartment and talked fast. Cynthia and Rita were not very close, but maybe Cynthia could do something.

I slept all the way to California. And was glad to get home. I began to work, giving it everything I had.

Teddy and his queer wife, Zona, had left our house. They were living up in San Francisco, nobody knew just why. Teddy was painting, and she was writing a play. Neither of them earned anything. But mama didn't care. If they just kept out of trouble, and far away. Evidently the month they had spent at home had wrecked the place and had cost us plenty of friends and much talk.

Mildred told me most of it. Shaking with the outrage of the memories. Arnold was very silent, very aloof. He and Mildred were together pretty constantly. When he was home. She was heart and soul devoted to him, and regarded him with worship in her eyes. Even at mealtime they preferred to be alone in their own apartment, joining mama and me only one or two evenings a week.

They even had their own private entrance and driveway. The only connection between their apartment and our house was a runway hall from their hallway into the office that my secretary had.

Cynthia wrote and said that Rita wasn't on dope at all. She had just taken it for the hell of it—a lark. Pepa knew all about it. And Rita was O. K. Wouldn't dream of trying it again. She looked fine now, and seemed to be herself. Her show was closing in February and she and Pepa were going to Florida.

AND later Cynthia wrote that she had had a long talk with "Miss Hinklebaum," who was really a dear soul, and Cynthia was keeping him from taking to drink. He was so unnerved by the war that he couldn't hold any job very long. But every one liked him, and somehow or other he could always get jobs for other people.

"So I'm starting him in his own business," Cynthia wrote. "An employment agency. Only he'll get all his veteran friends jobs, I'm sure, and will never take a commission from them. He's just a roughneck. But somehow I think red blood is much nicer than blue. Anyway he found out for me, through the scrubwoman that cleans out Fernand's shop, that Fernand wants to move to New Jersey. Newark, I think. Isn't that rats? I haven't found any way to get a message to Archie yet but Miss Hinklebaum says he'll figure out something. Love, Cynthia. P. S. Miss Hinklebaum is just my age."

Shortly after Christmas I got a wire from Cynthia saying, "Married Miss Hinklebaum quietly today."

And I wondered if Archie knew. I got frequent letters from him. He was working hard, feverishly, now that his exams were drawing closer . . . eight months . . . six months.

I went to Sidney.

"I want to help that O'Riley family, Sid. But they mustn't know it's me. See? Can't you figure out some way that I could give the kids a break? Send them to a good school, or something?"

So Sidney wrote to a judge in New York whose wife did wonderful philanthropic work. And she wrote back that his request was simple to fulfill. She herself had visited Mrs. O'Riley and told her that she wanted to take an entire family of children from each twenty blocks of the city for a summer in camp. And Fernand had been overjoyed.

The four little O'Rileys were booked to go to the Finger Lakes to camp as soon as school closed, and stay the summer. And Mrs. O'Riley would be provided with fare up and down for two visits.

Archie wrote about the wonderful break his children got. Their first summer out of the city in years! He was thrilled—and I was happy.

Then Cynthia visited the O'Riley parish priest. And explained that some one wanted to put the twins through school; any school in the country they wanted to pick, expense no object. And if his Reverence could do it so that no questions were asked, a similar amount would be donated to his church each year.

It took him some time to figure it out. They dug up a very rich Catholic who had served in the same outfit as Archie, and had fought with him in the trenches. This man had just learned that it was Archie who had saved his life. And he insisted that he be permitted to pay in some measure his great debt. For example, the

twins. He would put them through high school and college.

Eventually Fernand and Archie accepted. On the advice of their parish priest.

"It looks," Archie wrote me elatedly, "as if our bad luck is changing. I remember the man of course. I even remember admiring him. He had such a calm pluck. But I haven't the faintest memory of being near him in the fight, or pulling him back when a shell burst."

I put an ad in The Bronx Home News. "Happy for you. V."

Now there were the two girls. How could I go about helping them?

But before I could decide, I had a wire from Archie. And I could catch the exuberance in its words:

SALUTE A MEMBER OF THE BAR IN GOOD STANDING.

That night he wired me gardenias and I wore them proudly to an opening. . . .

Sidney, who had to go to New York at the time, promised to see Archie for me. And I wrote an enormous letter for him to give Archie if he had a chance.

"I'll find a chance," he snapped. "I got along very well with them last time. I'll talk to him right in front of his wife. But I'll get the letter to him too. And I wish after this that you'd leave me out of it, Vi. It's a damn nuisance."

"O. K., Sidney. You get him out here and I'll never bother you again. And I'll work myself to a rag for you."

Mama and I took a little trip. It was between pictures. We went over to Hawaii, which I adored. And there mama broke a shocking piece of news to me.

Arnold had been bothering her. Demanding money. And more money. On the grounds that if mama didn't give it to him, he'd tell Mildred the whole arrangement.

"He's cut into me for nearly forty thousand dollars in the last eight months. I happen to know most of it has gone into investments. But I believe, at that, he's keeping a girl on the side. And I'm going to find out. That would break Mildred up too. I've got to do something, Vi. He'll break me in no time."

"We'll manage him," I said tartly. "Let's go home and begin right now."

So back we went, cutting our trip a week short. To find our home a nice how-de-do. Arnold had fired two of our prize servants—a couple that had been with us for years. Because they had, he said, been insulting.

"You have your nerve!" I flared, thoroughly angry.

"Yes, I have," he said calmly. "And if we must face a few nasty facts, I have nerve enough for more than that. If I told Mildred the truth about—"

"Arnold!" cut in mama, terrified.

"The truth about what?" Mildred's voice was deadly quiet. She looked pale, frightened.

Arnold snickered.

"The truth about lots of things that go on here," he said. "You don't begin to know your family, Mildred. Why, that couple had a small fortune socked away. No wonder they didn't gossip."

HE certainly was quick-witted.

"Is that true?" Mildred turned to us. "You let them blackmail you?"

"Well, what of it?" I shrugged. "It hasn't been unheard of in this town."

"Well, then Arnold was perfectly right," Mildred decided. "It's time, I think, you had a man around to handle people as they should be handled. I think if you turned a lot of your affairs over to Arnold he could save you a great deal of money."

"We're doing very well as it is," said mama in a flat tone. "Are you having dinner with us tonight?"

"Sure," said Arnold. "To celebrate your return."

So he had us licked. Hurting Mildred meant nothing to him.

I went to Sidney with the problem as soon as he returned.

And with his insolent smile, Arnold looked Sidney in the eye and repeated his threats. "And if anything happens to me," he said casually, "the story will be published anyway. I've arranged for that."

"Oh, Sidney," I groaned, "why did we ever let ourselves in for it?"

"That's something else again." Sidney lit a cigar. "That's when you should have come to me. I could have handled it then. Now, do you want to hear about your Archie?"

"Of course."

"He's working in our New York office," Sidney announced triumphantly. "Member of our legal staff."

"Sidney, you're the darling of the world."

"I wish you could make my wife believe it. However, you can write Archie at the office now all you damn please. He starts this week."

"Did you speak of his coming out here?"

"His wife went wild at the mention of Hollywood. She'd have none of it. She didn't even like his working for me at all."

"What are you paying him, Sid?"

"Oh, enough to move to Riverside Drive. I insisted he had to have a decent address. And to pay for a car to pick him up morning and night. Now do you want to do something for me?"

"Anything, as they say in all good melodramas."

"No, not a fate worse than death. Just a series of personal appearances I want to arrange. Eighteen weeks."

"O. K.—and you know I hate it."

AND I hated to leave mama. But I phoned her every night. And I got the bright idea of phoning Archie at his office. Often. And wrote to him, happy again to be able to tell him all I did and thought and said.

When I got back home I found that Sidney had tried to buy Arnold off. Asking him to name his complete release. But Arnold had grinned and explained he was perfectly happy where he was and had no intention of changing. He had finished school long since, and had already opened his own offices, taking on as a partner a man well established in the field. He assured Sidney that his life was perfect.

Which gave Sidney an idea. And by the time I came home two very powerful state officials had talked to Arnold. They had nothing on him, they couldn't touch him. Even mama's checks could be argued as gifts and loans. But they warned him to quit his monkey business and leave us alone. Or they'd see to it his new business got exactly no place.

So for a while things were harmonious at home. Arnold turned right about face. He couldn't have been more thoughtful. He seemed obviously sorry for his past behavior and shyly told mama and me so. Naturally we told him to skip it, and we'd all go on hand in hand from there.

My brother Teddy divorced his wife, and came down to sulk with us for a few months. Then he went back to live with her without further reading of lines. We eased Teddy's agony at so much a week, and he paid us back by going to New Orleans and looking up his father. From then on he called himself the sinister son of Howard Chester. We even backed a magazine for him once, which he and Zona and a few other earnest folk ran in a converted blacksmith shop in a deserted mining town. It was radical or communistic or something, so mama and I quit supporting it. And presently the post office stopped it on the grounds of being lewd, licentious, and so on.

I met a man at a dinner party who had a son in the same school with my Boof. Yes, he had seen Boof many times; in fact, the boy had spent a week end in his home. And he described a tall brown-haired boy, very serious and studious, but a born leader, high-handed and imperious.

"I have a weakness for that kid," this man admitted shyly, "because he's battling a rather strange problem. He's intelligent enough to realize suddenly that he's been spoiled. Now, you know that's pretty fine for a chap under fifteen. So he stuck his chin out and told his father he wanted to go to a boarding school. And then he refused a weekly allowance of twenty-five dollars. He wanted fifty cents. He told his father he wanted to make the trip up to New York and back alone—travel by himself and be his own man. And he's gradually becoming a human being. He used to be an awful snob, and believe me the other boys haven't made it easy for him. Of course, he and his father are very close. They go abroad together in the summer, and take a group of kids for shooting in Maine. Your boy's an expert shot. And he's your greatest fan."

"He—what?"

"Yes — sure. Never misses a picture of yours and generally goes several times to each one. Takes all the boys."

Boof went to my pictures. And took all the boys . . .

So I wrote him and said:

Dear Boof,

It is almost time for your birthday and you will be fifteen. Every year I have sent you a birthday present and you've never written to acknowledge them or thank me for them. Why is that? Even if you don't feel much love for me, as a matter of fairness and sportsmanship, wouldn't you thank any one for a gift?

I'm very puzzled.

MOTHER.

I sent it air mail, and very shortly I had a wire from my son:

NEVER RECEIVED ANY PRESENT FROM YOU SORRY LESTER JUNIOR.

I drove my secretary mad weeding out all the ancient bills proving where the rifles, skates, skis, tool chests, pedal automobiles, and what nots had been shipped. I wrote:

Dearest Lester Junior,

If you don't like me to call you Boof may I call you Les? Enclosed you can see for yourself that I've sent you things every Christmas and birthday, and I'm surprised you'd think I'd neglect you. Some one must have taken off the cards before they were given to you. At any rate, that doesn't hurt me as much as to think you would ignore my presents. What would you like for your coming birthday? I have a wonderful saddle horse here. Would you like me to ship him to you? Or maybe you would prefer the great Dane that I am using in my present picture.

Why don't you send me a picture of yourself? And would you like one of me?

Your very own

MOTHER.

It was five weeks before I received an answer to that, and the answer stiffened me with pride.

FASHION FLASHES From PARIS

Fluffy curls are as dead as a last year's bird's nest now; so if you want to be chic, well brushed-looking and shiny hair is the password. For evening trim it up with a coronet braid all around, and if you like to be rakish set the coronet sidewise a bit, like your hat. You may even have a few flat curls at one temple. Finish off with a fur cape matching the hair color: sable if your hair is brown; silver fox if it is black; summer ermine for the blondes; and white for the silver-haired.

DORAMILLER.

The whole letter was friendly. He admired me for not kicking. He'd like to have the great Dane. And from then on our correspondence was spasmodic but cordial. He sent me his picture and I got a thrill every time I looked at it. How much I had missed in all the years not knowing him . . .

It was after Christmas that year that Arnold began to neglect Mildred. And Mildred began to wilt.

Obviously he was dissipating. He told me that his partner was inching him out.

"My God," the man shrugged, "he keeps borrowing to pay off his gambling debts. I'm not going to pay them personally. He signs over his interests to that value—right before our lawyers. I'm carrying the whole shooting match single-handed. And without a squawk. He's just on his way to hell, and I don't give him five years."

I pleaded with Arnold.

His bloodshot eyes focused on me as if I were a bright light. "You go to hell and mind your own business."

"You're keeping a girl," I said calmly. "I'll find out who and where she is. And I'll go to her, Arnold."

"IF you do, you'll be sorry—"

"I'm sorry already. And I'm sick of your threats. It was one thing when you kept Mildred happy. This is something else again. You're no damn good and you're on your way out!"

"Just you make one move against me!" His finger pointing at me was shaking, his voice was cracked. "And I'll make you sorry your Mildred was ever born. Hurt her? I haven't begun to hurt her . . . I hate her, you hear? I hate her—"

"When you sleep off that hang-over I'll talk to you."

"You'll talk to me now." He stood squarely in front of his office door, barring my way. "You think you'll kick me out now that I can't stand on my own feet. I was a decent enough guy for you and your money-mad mother to want me in the family, wasn't I? So you thought you'd buy me and pay me—"

"Arnold, you're hollering!" I said sharply.

"I've just begun to holler. Wait until you hear me roar."

On his desk I had found a set of buzzers. And kept my finger on the one that signaled his partner.

Even when he knocked and pushed the door open, Arnold went on talking.

As I rushed out of the office, I heard Arnold's drunken abuse. I heard the man silence him too—with a terrific wallop . . .

Mildred was napping, mama said, when I had told her what had happened. We'd talk to her later.

I looked over my mail. There was a letter from Boof. His father had to go abroad on a quick business trip. So

might Boof come out and spend Easter vacation with me?

It thrilled me. But I couldn't possibly have him in the house. Not with things as they were—Arnold unmanageable and filthy-mouthed when he was as full as a boiler. So, sitting in the little room that was my secretary's office, I wrote Boof a careful letter. Saying that I'd meet him at the train and we'd go down to the desert together for his visit, where we could be by ourselves . . .

And gave the letter to my secretary to hurry off. I was always sorry it was mailed. I can always hear Lester's falsetto voice saying, "You see, she knew better than to let you be in her own home . . ."

Shortly after I had finished the last of the day's clutter, and my secretary had left, Mildred came in. Her eyes were worried.

"Has anything happened?" she demanded.

"Yes, I'm afraid it has, Mildred," I said. "Nothing serious though. Just needs considering."

"It's Arnold." She sat on the edge of a chintz armchair.

"Yes, he's been fighting," mama said grimly. "With his partner."

"That's bad," Mildred mumbled. "But that man has been tricking Arnold."

"No, he hasn't." I went over and took her hands in mine. "I know. I've been talking to them both. Arnold's behaving badly. You know that."

"Yes, I know that. And I—I don't seem to have any influence over him any more. But I'm sure he loves me," she shrugged, her voice very small. "I'm sure of it."

"Mildred," I began uneasily. "You know what I'd do? I'd go away. Yes. If he loves you, it would bring him to his senses. And if—"

"You mean and if he doesn't love me? Is that what you started to say?"

"Well, Mildred"—I lit a cigarette as casually as I could—"you wouldn't be the first wife that had to face it. You're intelligent."

THE door from our living room opened noisily. And Arnold stalked in.

"What's coming off here?" he demanded.

"Oh, Arnold!" Mildred caught her breath. "We won't talk of it now."

"Oh, yes, we will." He turned to me.

"You putting your painted foot into this?"

"I'm finished with you, Arnold," I said coldly. "You're Mildred's problem now."

"You're finished with me. *You're* finished with me! That's good! Suppose I tell her the truth—everything!"

"Go ahead and tell her," I said quietly. "And let her see the kind of person you are."

"And the kind of people you are!" He laughed shortly. "You didn't know they bought me for you, did you, Mildred?"

"You know it isn't true, Mildred," I said. "He's just trying to make us all quarrel."

"They paid me to marry you!" he insisted. "Is that clear?"

"I—don't—believe it." Mildred's voice was sturdy, determined. "I just—don't believe it. I know you cared for me, Arnold. You couldn't make me believe anything different. I'm going away for a while. Let you think things out and then maybe you'll—"

She stood up uncertainly. He came toward her, his face distorted with rage.

"They're telling you to, aren't they?" he stormed. "They think they can throw a scare into me. Well, they've guessed wrong. You can go away, anywhere you damn please, and stay away for all I care."

"Mildred, he's just tight," I said sharply.

"Arnold, you don't mean that," she said softly.

"Don't look sheep's eyes at me," he sneered. "You sicken me! You think I've been in love with you. You don't believe it was the money, do you? Well, you're right. I'll tell you what it really was. I married you because I loved your sister. Because by marrying you I could be close to Violet. You hear? And I've been living with her constantly, right here in this house. That's the only reason I stayed married to you at all!"

Mildred stepped back toward the door, her eyes wide and glazed.

"My God, Mildred, you don't believe that!" mama said.

Arnold began to laugh. "No, she doesn't believe that either? You don't want to believe it, do you?"

Mildred shook her head as somebody in a daze.

"I've been afraid," she half whispered, "that I was losing you. And now—I see there was nothing to lose—you're not even *human!*"

"Listen, sis," I began, and started toward her. But Mildred, like a small ghost, opened the door to her apartment and slipped inside, closing the door between us. Even as I struggled to open it, calling to her, we heard the key turn in the lock.

For a moment there was utter silence. Then mama turned to Arnold, her face harsh with hatred.

"What have you done?" she moaned.

"You had it coming to you," Arnold said sourly.

He turned and elbowed out the door to the big house. We heard him scuffle across the library. Heard him demanding his hat and coat. And we stood there like two statues, just listening, until we heard him leave the house, and heard the scrape of his tires on the long driveway.

Then I caught hold of mama's arm.

"We can go around the other side," I said, and she nodded, knowing I meant Mildred's front door.

Somehow I found the passkey to Mildred's main entrance in my secretary's desk. And mama and I went through the outside porch, around past the shrubs, waxy white in the moonlight, hurrying, so breathless we never spoke to each other. We had the key fitted in the lock when we heard the shot.

We found her in the bathroom, the gun in her hand.

Only spartan courage and her unfaltering love for Archie keep Violet forging ahead now. But even as the moment of greater triumph approaches, she learns of a new fate in store for them. It affords a new and amazingly dramatic crisis in next week's issue. Don't miss it!

ANSWERS TO TWENTY QUESTIONS ON PAGE 34

1—Franklin Delano Roosevelt.

2—Indivisable should be indivisible.

3—A spider, classified as an animal.

4—A fish, especially a young salmon.

5—Her Serene Highness Princess Victoria Mary Augusta Louise Olga Pauline Claudine Agnes of Teck.

6—An animal; it is an old English name for a young bull or heifer.

7—Neither; it is a swallow-tailed or triangular flag used as a distinguishing pennant on yachts and merchant vessels.

8—No; it is a person who suffers from morbid depression of mind or spirits, especially concerning his health.

9—The ropes or chains which regulate the angle at which the sails are set in relation to the wind.

10—Train.

11—The American Petroleum Institute lists twenty-two.

12—Twenty-one feet.

13—In Genesis 9:6: "Whoso shedeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed."

14—*Statim:* immediately.

15—Neither; it is a room where hot-air baths are administered.

16—A plaintiff in error is the plaintiff in an appealed case and may be either the original plaintiff or the original defendant.

17—A list of books which the Roman Catholic Church authorities forbid Catholics to read.

18—Properly a single metrical line.

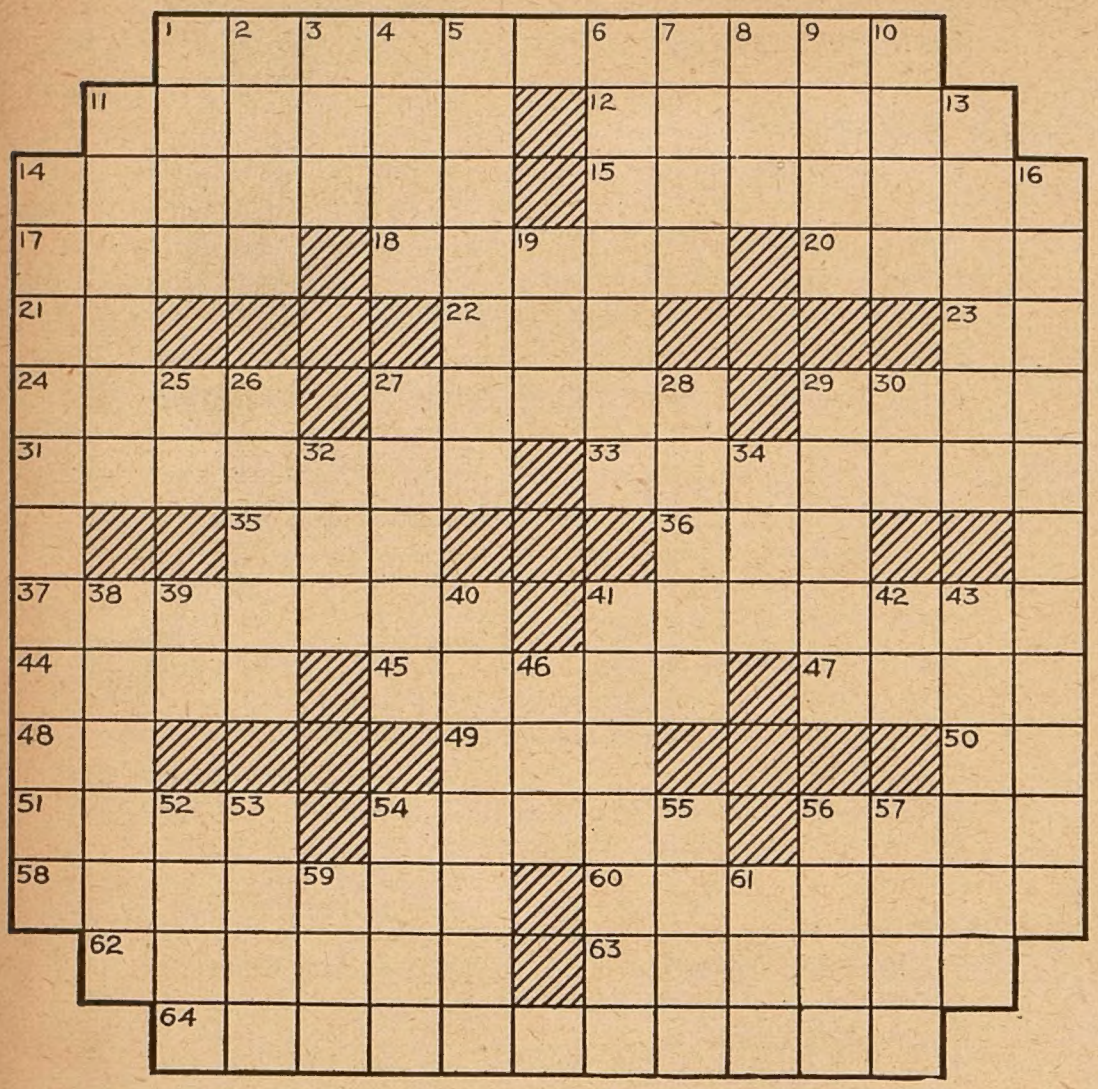
19—No; he means to issue a large number of free passes so that there will be few vacant seats.

20—A revolt is an uprising against legitimate authority; a renunciation of allegiance to a government. A revolution is a fundamental change in a government or constitution; the overthrow of one government and the substitution of another by the governed.

Puzzle #32 8/31/31

Cockeyed Cross Words

By Ted Shane



HORIZONTAL

1 Mussolini no-men
11 A cross between an alley and a boulevard
12 If the medium's this, it's rare
14 Dizzy Dean's tantalizer
15 Is this sway and that
17 Spaghettiburg
18 They go picnicking in woolen underwear
20 Give tit for tat
21 A bewitching creature in Whitechapel
22 50 per cent of a 100-per-cent Hun
23 The direction a jackass is headed with his rear license plate facing SW.
24 Little things big business men take after lunch
27 These got potted regularly in Grammaw's day
29 This used to give corsets a snug fit
31 Twitched the hands mysteriously and made the darnedest things appear
33 Ray, ray, rayed
35 What Louie Cans was
36 The original Yale rooter
37 Just an old soothie—can be slapped on the sunburn
41 Afternoon dunking parlor
44 The floating clothes horseman of Hollywood
45 The inhabitants of this country act something fierce but not occidently so
47 Happy dust
48 Get on into this and you'll have a Chinese war
49 The safest way to drink water is in plenty of this
50 A short way of spelling magnetic attractiveness
51 Zounds, 'sblood, and 'od's bodikins, sirrah!
54 All that remains of melted dreams

CULM CARET CAST
ASIA ARISE ERSE
PEELERS SPORTED
AWE SEINE
CADGE LAND MOST
ASEA PACE NONCE
RIN PAIR MINERS
AN PATRIMONY AT
CICARS FARE APE
ANILE RISE PIER
LENA DICK BARDS
TRIBE FAR
MARIANA OARSMAN
AREA GLORY EASE
PEEL EDGES EYED

Answer to last week's puzzle

56 On the face of it, this war rash
58 Train that follows the empress
60 Shaw claims that in love it's the woman not the man who is this
62 Whose is the most thoughtful character in the world?
63 These keep things rolling along
64 The pretty red bloomers she displayed during the holidays

VERTICAL

1 Groucho Marx claims he went around with Eve till the scientists split it up
2 It's seen around Scotch banks but on the up and up
3 Mrs. Dillyshingle of Newport calls hers a yot; Lady Vere de Vere hers a this
4 Pretend
5 What the coxswain did to the Wellesley crew
6
7 These'll shiver your timbers
8 Bullet, often found in a hole
9 When these escape they're hunted with squirrels, not bloodhounds
10 What the gangster always did for business reasons
11 Advice to the billbored
13 What the Brown Bomber knocked the Tall Tower of Gorgonzola into
14 What Fido ended his days as
16 This dials the numbers for the fast set
19 Product of whaling
25 Trfghiunyttgnhszki
26 Scat walk; de hoofing
27 What French surgeons do before they knife
28 Sissy snow
29 High-grade Scotch
30 Ain't not
32 A little pig of a little dog
34 Here's a drink that's been put down backward
38 An "I scold" woman
39 The extremities of glorified croquet
40 Her favorite dish is raw Bengal Lancer
41 This note comes out in many a touching scene
42 These holes mean absolutely nothing but stand for a close looking over
43 What the Thinker does in Texas
46 A lively beginning
52 What does Johnny use for a spin? (two words)
53 The capricious princess
54 He sounds through but he shines brightly around Hollywood
55 What the well dressed man will wear this year
56 Where the Normandie is sixteen hours after leaving New York
57 1 per cent dog, 99 per cent tail (plural)
59 National Industrial Idlers (abbr.)
61 Ribald Long Idiocies (abbr.)

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue

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COVER BY MACFADDEN STUDIO—GEORGE LARKIN

WILL THE COMMUNISTS GET OUR GIRLS IN COLLEGE?

A HARRIED wreck, hangdog, all pride and decency gone, adopting the ideals of the lowest orders of humanity, damned of body and soul, no less!"

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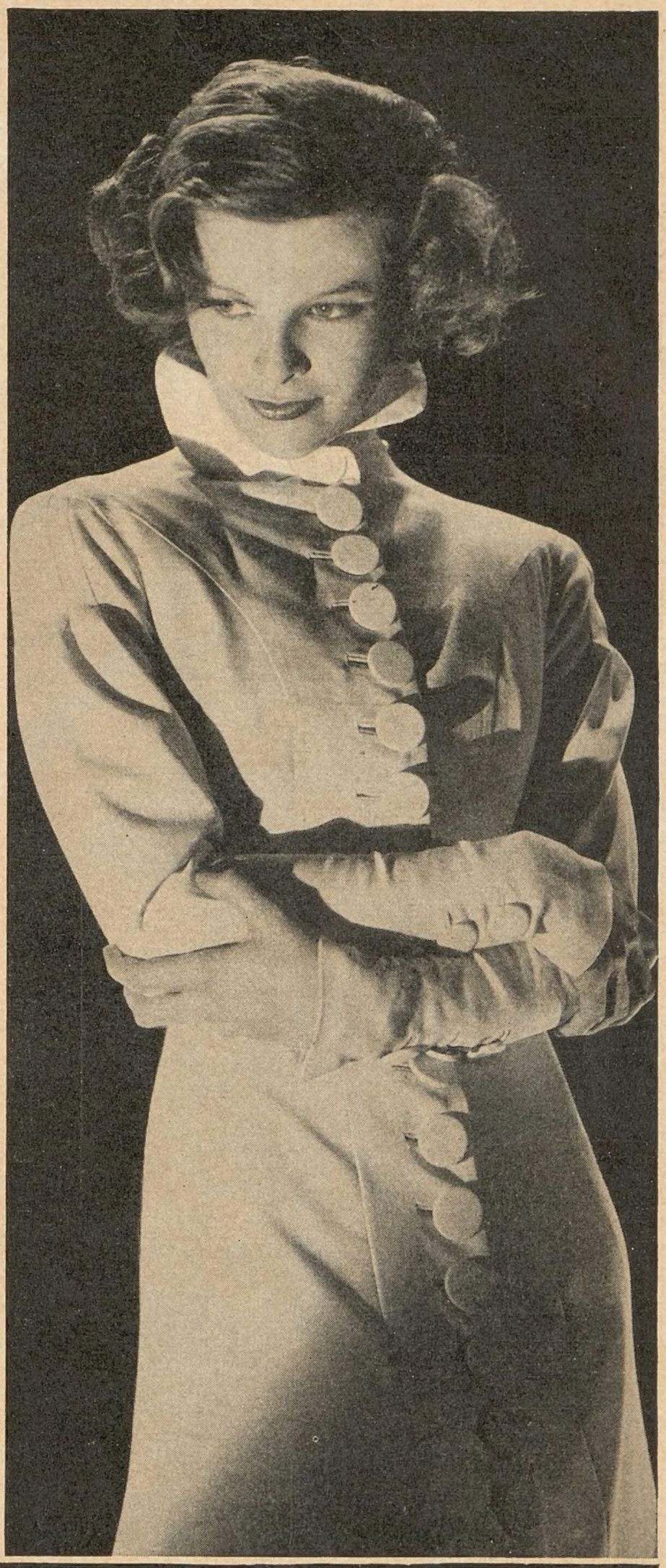
NEXT WEEK IN
Liberty

ON SALE WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 28

IS HEPBURN KILLING HER CAREER?



Do Hollywood stars commit career suicide? Can a star who is really a great artistic genius hang herself with her own gaily spun web of eccentricities—acts—attitudes—poses—temperamental displays so that, in spite of her great talent, her light fades and goes out just at the time she should be attaining the supreme heights of popularity?

And, if this is so, is Katharine Hepburn now facing that disaster?

Every person who has more than just a superficial interest in motion pictures will find a deep and absorbing interest in Kirtley Baskette's feature article entitled "Is Hepburn Killing Her Own Career?" appearing in the September issue of Photoplay now on sale. An honest and fearless criticism not only of Katharine Hepburn but of the characters of many stars by a close, penetrating and brilliant observer, it will answer many questions regarding many stars which, undoubtedly, you have asked yourself many times in the past.

Another feature in the September Photoplay that will warm the heart of every reader is Dorothy Calhoun's touching description of the manner in which the beloved Billie Burke keeps the spirit of Florenz Ziegfeld alive in her heart and in her home many years after his death. It is titled "A Romance That Is Stronger Than Death." Do not miss it.

Still another feature of compelling interest is Jack Grant's shrewd analysis of Loretta Young's emotional character and why, as yet, she has never fallen permanently in love. It is titled "The Beauty Who Cannot Stay in Love." Read it by all means.

OTHER OUTSTANDING FEATURES

Photoplay's Memory Album, Edited by Frederick L. Collins • "I Think Men Are Awful," says Bette Davis • "I Think Women Are Swell!" says Una Merkel • Swinging Around the Hollywood Social Circle • Photoplay's Style Authority • Photoplay's Hollywood Beauty Shop • The Best Dressed Woman of the Month • Robert Taylor Chooses Success • Love Comes First for Fred MacMurray • Adrian Answers 20 Questions on Garbo • Franchot Tone—Fortune's Favorite.

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PHOTOPLAY

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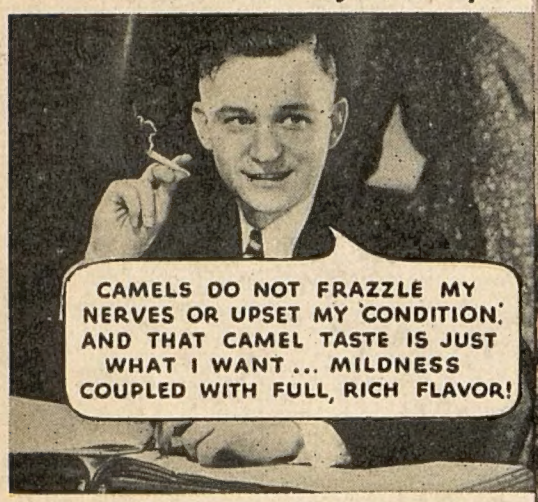
HOMEMAKER—Mrs. J. B. Feeley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ACCOUNTANT—C. A. Petersen

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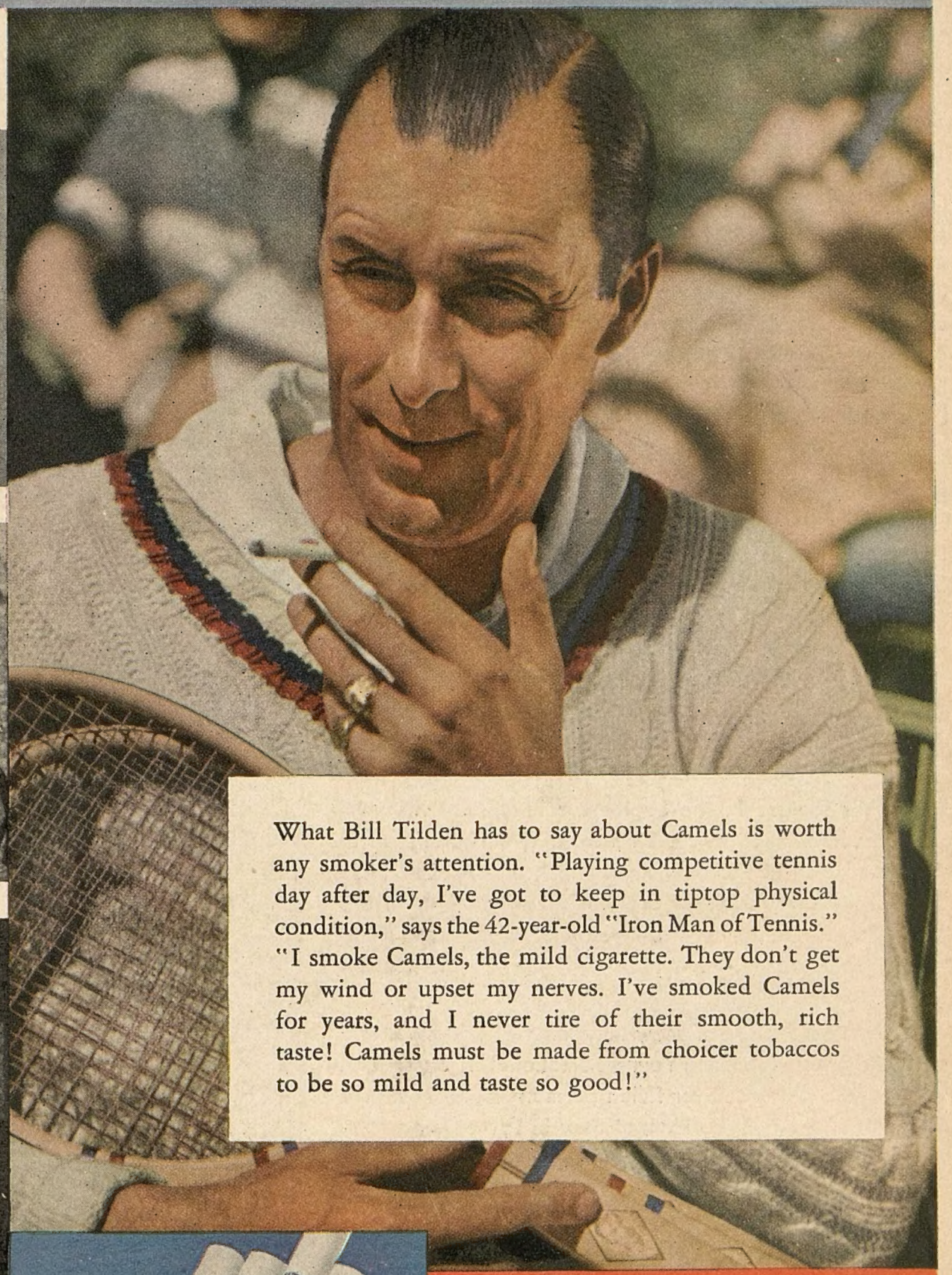
WRITER—Eileen Tighe

I FOLLOW TILDEN, SARAZEN, GEHRIG, AND THE OTHER SPORTS STARS IN SMOKING CAMELS. I SMOKE CAMELS STEADILY. THEY NEVER GET MY WIND

REPORTER—Dick Hungerford



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